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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE immediate result of the Paris riots has been to give France a Government much more to the Right than she has enjoyed lately, and than the actual complexion of her Parliament would normally warrant. The proposed Cabinet of ex-Prime Ministers may have superficially an air of stability and respectability, but we doubt its powers of cohesion. The causes of the riots appear to have been many and heterogeneous. First, there were the passions let loose by the Stavisky case—financial scandals of this sort in France are traditionally dangerous to government stability, law, and order. Secondly, there is a widespread feeling in France that not only M. Daladier's but all the recent French Governments have "let the country down" by allowing Germany to rearm: this feeling is combined with great bitterness against the British Government for not standing by France on the disarmament question. Thirdly, the Fascist forces of the *Action Française*, etc., seized the opportunity of fomenting political passion into political disorder, and they were supported by a demonstration on the Bourse, where financiers are said to have been thoroughly frightened of a Left "cleansing" Government under M. Daladier. They were also abetted by the Communists, who are strong in some of the Paris suburbs. Lastly, there is the habit, ingrained in the Paris populace, of turning out into the streets at the smallest provocation in order to shout "*assassins*" at the police, burn kiosks, and, in the last resort, build barricades. The dangerous element in this mixture of forces is Fascist.

The Last Minute in Austria

The Heimwehr, disappointed with the moderate Fascism of Dr. Dollfuss, is now marching in field equipment upon the towns and villages of the Tirol and Upper Austria. The Social Democrats, the greatest party in Austria, are still quiescent. Dr. Dollfuss's own following is small and he appears now to have no alternative but to appeal to the League. His interviews with General Gömpös in Budapest may be important if they presage an economic understanding which might give the ordinary inhabitant of Austria hope of an economic future without absorption in Germany. But the Nazi threat is immediate. What part is England going to play if Dollfuss does appeal to the League? In the House Mr. Eden spoke sympathetically of the Austrian case and Sir Austen Chamberlain uttered a solemn warning of the danger of throwing Austria to the Nazi wolves. Even to-day if France, England and Italy stood firm together at Geneva, Hitler would call a halt in Austria. It is probably the last chance of checking him anywhere, short of war.

The Rearmament Proposals

Tuesday's Disarmament—or as we should now call it, Rearmament—Debate showed that there is one thing at

least for which we may now be thankful: all the cards are on the table and we know where we are—and it is just as well that in a game in which Herr Hitler, Signor Mussolini, and Sir John Simon are sitting round the table, the cards should be upon it. Though we now know where we are, no one—not even the Government spokesmen—can pretend to be pleased at finding where we have arrived. A few months ago Sir John Simon was affirming that a disarmament convention could not begin with rearmament; on Tuesday he was affirming that rearmament is inevitable. Why? Only because rearmament is the inevitable result of the Government's policy at the Disarmament Conference. The British Memorandum—euphemistically recommended by Sir John as a document based on the "spirit of realism"—contains proposals for the minimum amount of rearmament which is probably now attainable. What this measure of rearmament of Germany, envisaged in the memorandum, means, in terms of disarmament of the other Powers, is pitiably small. We are to deny ourselves the luxury of being killed by the very largest tanks and the most enormous guns (but "what would it pleasure me to be shot to death with pearls?" as the Duchess of Malfi long ago remarked); we are to take another two years to consider whether we shall deny ourselves the luxury of being blown to bits by bombs dropped from aeroplanes; Germany and the other Powers are to limit themselves to armies of 300,000 men in the intervals which we call peace. That is about the limit to the amount of disarmament that the Government considers consistent with a spirit of realism.

* * *

The Government cannot be attacked on the ground that it is according equality to Germany. The case for doing so is unanswerable. But it is just because the German claim for equality of treatment had inevitably sooner or later to be granted, that willingness to disarm on the part of the other Powers was essential. And it is here that the Government policy has been—and still is—insincere and disastrous. The Government spokesmen talked as though disarmament "down to the Versailles Treaty level imposed on Germany" was not "realism" because other Powers would not consider it. But when Sir Stafford Cripps put the crucial question "whether Mr. Eden would state definitely whether the Government were prepared, if other Governments were so prepared, to disarm down to the German level," he got an evasive answer. The truth is, of course, that the Government never have been willing to do so, and, if they had, the history of the Disarmament Conference might well have been very different. To take only one or two instances: it is our Government which has stood in the way to abolition of tanks; it is our Government which has stood out against budgetary limitation; and if it had not been for the obstruction of our Government, it might have been possible to obtain agreement to the abolition of naval and military aircraft.

* * *

There remains the question whether, now that the players have put their cards on the table, anything worth having can be saved out of the wreckage of the Conference. It is arguable that any Disarmament Convention—even one which follows the lines of the British Memorandum—is better than none at all. In these days even a crumb may perhaps, politically, be better than no bread. An agreement on the minimum amount of disarmament and the maximum of rearmament may be used as the basis for agitation for something a little better. It is, however, an open question whether even the British proposals are now attainable. Mr. Eden is now to be sent like a (rather bedraggled) dove of peace with the memorandum in his beak to the chief capitals of Europe. His object will be to talk the French, the Poles, the Duce, and the Leader into agreement. The difficulty of his task is increased by the glaring defects in the British proposals, some of which we have noticed above. But one of the greatest defects is the persistent vagueness and insincerity of the British proposals and policy. Take the single and simple case of "securities." The Government has drafted a paragraph which leaves it completely vague as to whether we undertake any obligations to prevent or remedy a violation of the disarmament convention. Another case is that of control; the Government seems deliberately to evade any clear statement whether it does or does not accept a system of permanent and automatic supervision. If the Government remains vague and shifty on these two points, there can be little likelihood of the French agreeing to their other proposals.

According to Code

There is trouble brewing over the "codes" set up in America under the N.R.A. But the trouble is coming, not mainly from the employees whom the codes have subjected to regulation by the State, but from the body of American opinion which holds that "Big Business" is having matters far too much its own way. From the beginning, the code system has had its compensations from the standpoint of the employers, because it has enabled them to build up, for the fixing of prices and output, forms of combination which would otherwise have been unlawful under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The opponents of "trusts" are now again lifting up their voices on behalf of the shopkeepers, the small business men, and the consuming public, to protest against the methods by which "Big Business" is raising the prices of its wares. The farmers are ready to join in the outcry, because they are as keen for industrial goods to stay cheap as for agricultural goods to become dear. In face of their attack, President Roosevelt has authorised the Federal Trade Commission, an old rival of the N.R.A., to make an investigation into the charges of unfair combination that are being made. Whether this foreshadows the winding-up of the codes, or merely a design to amend them, it is not yet possible to say; but clearly the strength of the feeling against the N.R.A. is considerable, not among big employers, who mostly rather like it, or among the workers, who regard what they have got from it as better than nothing, but in that strongly individualist middle section of American opinion that may even yet, in the long run, bring all President Roosevelt's innovations to nothing.

"Wait Till I Get You Outside!"

How is the world to interpret the transfer of the three Bulgarians, acquitted at Leipzig, to the headquarters of Göring's secret police in Berlin? What are we to think of the fact that an order to quit Germany has been served upon the Bulgarian interpreter through whom alone Dimitrov's mother can communicate with the German

authorities? What are we to make of the report that Dimitrov's mother apparently no longer dares say a word to newspaper correspondents? There seems only one possible answer. The Nazis are susceptible to strongly expressed foreign opinion, and no man tried for his life has ever been so universally acclaimed for his courage in the international press as Dimitrov. Moreover, the constant presence of relatives and friends of the Bulgarians at Leipzig and Berlin has acted as a restraint, and Göring has therefore had no opportunity yet of carrying out the gross threats he uttered in the Leipzig Court. He is waiting for the international agitation to die down and, presumably in the hope that the foreign press will forget Dimitrov if denied news of him, efforts are now being made to get rid of the protective influences that surround him. It is ominous enough that the prisoners —all innocent men offered visas to safety by the neighbouring countries—have now been taken out of the hands of the ordinary police and passed over to the safe-keeping of Göring. Are we to hear casually one day that they have been shot, like the four prisoners at Potsdam this week, " attempting to escape "? Shall we learn that they have passed over for torture in a Concentration Camp?

The Attack on the Co-ops.

The campaign against the Co-operative Movement goes on merrily; and more and more local traders' organisations join in the outcry first raised in the Beaverbrook-Rothermere papers. A similar campaign played a large part in the Nazi movement in Germany before the Hitler *coup*, and was influential in rallying the *petite bourgeoisie* of traders to the Nazi side. The crime of the Co-operative Stores is simply that they do away with profits over a large part of the trade in consumer's goods, substituting in effect mutual trade at cost price for capitalist trading at a profit. As even the spokesmen of the Board of Trade have pointed out, it is untrue that Co-operative Societies now enjoy tax privileges that are not equally open to the private trader. Co-operative dividends are not taxed; but some private traders distribute dividends, and these are not taxed either. Any private trader who chooses to return his surplus to his customers by way of dividend can escape all taxation on it. But then, also, he will have no profit for himself! And he does really feel there is something positively wicked about a sort of trader who does not trade for profit. So the reasonable decision of the Co-operative Wholesale Society itself to open shops in areas which have no local " Co-ops " of their own has been the signal for this renewed campaign directed not really against the proposed extension, but against all Co-operative trading. British Fascism is out to get the support of the small tradesman—that is what the outcry really means.

The Means Test in Glasgow

When Labour got a majority on the Glasgow City Council the result was that the new Council authorised an increase in the scales of public assistance. So far, so good. But the Public Assistance Committee was then advised that, under the Means Test, it had no power to increase the amount paid to any person except after a special investigation of his individual case. There are said to be 60,000 applicants for the higher scale. This would mean that even if the members of the P.A.C. divided themselves into small groups, and all worked full-time at the job (which, having their own livings to earn, they could not possibly do) it would still take months before the new scale could be put generally into force. In fact, the Means Test as it stands is so regulated administratively that in any large area it is virtually impossible to increase the general scale of benefit without acting *ultra vires*, and incurring the penalties of so acting. The Glasgow authority is asking the Scottish Office to agree to a relaxation of the conditions, so as to allow the scale to be altered on a general basis. On this point it is hardly likely to be allowed to have its way. For the Means Test is an " economy " measure, designed to keep relief down as low as it can be kept. The Glasgow case is but a fresh illustration of its efficiency for this purpose.

Workers' Representation

The proposed Statutory Commission to look after the Unemployment Insurance Fund will have very large and important functions, directly affecting the interests of every employed worker. Yet it is apparently intended to have on it only one member who can be regarded as a Labour representative. The number of members is to be from four to six, with one seat reserved for a nominee of the Government of Northern Ireland and one for an employers' representative. The proposed representation of the insured workers is surely altogether inadequate. There is a case for having an employers' representative on the Commission, but none that we can see for giving the employers the same representation as the workers; for it can hardly be argued that their interest in the administration of the Fund is as great as that of the workers. Even if the Commission is to be kept small, the workers ought to have at least two seats out of five, or three out of six. The alternative would be not to constitute the Commission on a representative basis at all, in respect of any of the seats, but to attach to it a representative advisory council authorised to carry complaints against its decisions to the Minister of Labour.

A Great German

One of Germany's great men, Professor Fritz Haber, died in exile last week. He came to Cambridge after political events made it impossible for him to remain in his own country, and only returned to Switzerland a few weeks ago. It is generally recognised that without Haber's discoveries, Germany would never have been able to contemplate or sustain the war. His chemical discoveries put at the disposal of Germany unlimited quantities of fixed nitrogen, essential for the manufacture of explosives and for the fertilising of the soil. There are those who remember the alarm created by Sir William Crookes in the 'nineties when he prophesied that agriculture would fail to supply the increasing demands of a growing world population. We were assured that when the deposits of natural fertiliser were exhausted we should inevitably starve. The prompt answer of science given through Haber's genius was that unborn millions should eat their fill from the fruits of nitrogenous fertilisers. The price man paid was the death of millions shattered and tortured by nitrogenous explosives.

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ARE WE GOING BACK TO GOLD ?

ONCE upon a time we all knew, beyond all possible doubt, how many dollars made a pound, how many francs, how many marks, and so on, in respect of most currencies in which we were at all likely to be interested. Of late, we have got used to not knowing, and have adjusted our minds to the idea of uncertainty about how many pounds it will cost us to spend a week-end in Paris, or order a book from the United States, or buy a modern reproduction of a picture from Germany, or do any of these pleasant international things that many of us want to do at times. Even the traders have been getting used to it, and learning to choose between forward buying or selling of foreign currencies and adding an exchange risk to the ordinary risks of trade.

We still do not know how many dollars, or francs, or marks a pound will be worth in a week's or a month's time. But in relation to the dollar the situation has been abruptly changed by America's return to a new sort of gold standard. For the present at any rate, the dollar, like the franc, has again a determined gold value, which ought to fix its value in relation to the franc, on the assumption that the French continue to adhere to the gold standard. Owing to movements of capital back to the United States, the dollar and the franc have been playing a curious exchange game during the past week. But presumably, now that America is prepared to buy and sell gold without restriction at the new rates, the dollar-franc exchange is bound to settle down before long round about the new parity ; for we assume that American prices are likely to rise before long to a level corresponding to the dollar's new gold value. If they do not, all sorts of curious things will happen, including a big drain of gold from Europe, but presumably they will rise. At any rate, that must be what President Roosevelt is reckoning on ; and it is what one would expect to occur.

But to fix the relative values of the dollar and the franc is not to fix the value of the pound. For Great Britain is not on the gold standard, though for some time the Bank of England has been behaving almost as if we were. We are now faced with a choice—to keep near to the recent exchange level with the franc, or to come down with the dollar, or, of course, to steer a course between these two policies. But we are not wholly free to choose ; for if we have an Exchange Equalisation Fund, so now has America, and President Roosevelt as well as Mr. Norman may have his views about the right number of dollars to exchange for a pound. We have not the smallest idea how the Americans mean to use their new fund, though of course the Bank of England or the Treasury may have private information. He may not mean to use it at all, except in emergency ; or he may mean to use it a great deal. The point is that he can use it, and that, if we and the Americans start using our respective funds in opposite ways, some very curious and not at all desirable things are likely to happen.

That is why it seems inevitable that there should now be monetary conversations between Great Britain and the United States. It would not be inevitable if America had simply gone back to the gold standard in the old form ; for in that case we, being off gold, could within fairly wide limits fix the dollar value of the pound as we might choose. But in two respects America's new gold standard is quite unlike the gold standards of the past—first, because President Roosevelt has established side by side with it his fund for manipulating the exchanges, whereas our fund was set up when we went *off* gold, and because we were off gold, and secondly, because the President has reserved the power to vary within a given limit the gold value of the dollar as often as he likes. Probably he does not mean to vary it for the present ; but he can if he wants to, and no one can say that he may not come to want to at some future date.

We could, of course, meet the situation by going back to gold ourselves, either on the old terms of an absolute gold value for the pound, or on the same terms as the Americans, by fixing a gold value which we reserved power to alter. But one of these alternatives is out of the question. We cannot afford to fix a *permament* gold value for the pound without knowing what President Roosevelt is going to do permanently about the dollar ; and that we are not likely to be allowed to know, even if the President knows himself—which he probably does not. The other alternative is practicable, but hardly without an arrangement with the Americans which would ensure both that the two Equalisation Funds would be worked together, and that any future changes in the gold value of either currency should be made, if not in agreement, at any rate after consultation. But will President Roosevelt agree to this ? Is his modified return to gold meant to lead up to an international monetary agreement, or does he propose to go on acting on his own without consultation with anybody ?

A good deal depends on the answer to this question. If the Americans are prepared for an international agreement to stabilise exchange rates for the present, while reserving power to alter gold parities in the future, there is a good deal to be said for our coming to terms. For currency instability is a bad thing, especially when there is nothing to compensate for it, such as the maintenance of a satisfactory level of internal prices. We cannot, however, agree to return to gold as long as there is any real danger of a large movement of capital to the United States.

For this reason we shall probably remain off even a modified gold standard for the present—till things have settled down to the new gold value of the dollar. But if things do settle down, and American prices rise till the dollar is at its right value in purchasing power, the odds are that we shall go back to some sort of a gold standard. That is what the City wants, and what the Bank is likely to want ; and usually what they say goes.

Will such a return be good or bad ? We were heartily glad when Great Britain—all too late—went off the gold standard in 1931. But that was largely because the previous gold value of the pound was obviously too high, in relation to British costs and prices. The depreciation of the pound put us about right, in relation to world conditions ; we could not have reduced it much further without driving more countries off the gold standard, and probably provoking a currency war. The other case for going off gold in 1931 was that the maintenance of the gold standard was inconsistent with an adequate supply of credit, and condemned us to continuous deflation. So it was, and did ; but that was because the gold value of the pound was fixed too high, and not because it was fixed at all. To fix it does mean giving up the power to inflate, without again unfixing it. But do we want to inflate ? We could expand credit a good deal with safety but unfortunately we are

living under a Government committed to damping down public expenditure. We need not, as matters stand now, stay off gold in order to carry out an active experiment policy of public works, provided only that we reserve our freedom again to adjust the pound's gold value should need arise.

In fact, there is much to be said for President Roosevelt's new version of the gold standard, which is precisely what a number of economists began advocating here some years ago. It gives, or should give as soon as there has been time for the initial adjustments, short-term stability of exchange rates, which is what traders mainly want. But it does not leave the country that adopts it helpless in meeting an emergency that calls for a change in the value of its currency, except by adopting measures that are likely to turn the emergency into a crisis. The old rigid type of gold standard was of course incompatible with Socialism, or indeed with any genuine effort to raise the standard of living. If a gold standard is to be revived at all, Mr. Roosevelt's flexible system is certainly an improvement. Some day we shall wake up and realise that there is no need of any metallic basis for a currency.

LUXURY SHOPPING IN THE U.S.S.R.

Moscow, *January*.

IN Germany "the use of machinery has been forbidden in certain trades," writes Mr. J. A. Hobson in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Mussolini enacted a law in January, 1933, whereby "the erection of new, or the extension of existing, plants may only be undertaken with the sanction of the government." The Roosevelt Administration, says the New York correspondent of the *Times*, "intends to see that no increase in productive machinery of the great corporations shall be made without its specific approval." This is the reply to Prof. T. E. Gregory (*Gold, Unemployment and Capitalism*) and to other apologists of the capitalist system who ask whether a planned economy does not retard progress. Yes, it does—under capitalism. The bourgeoisie submits to government direction when it needs government subsidies, and that is in time of crisis. A crisis registers the expansion of plant beyond the capacity of the population to absorb the plant's products. The government therefore uses the power its subsidies give it to check capitalism's natural instincts towards expansion. The more universal the government's "plan" the more complete the stoppage of industrial advance.

One of the chief objections which industrialists have to inflation is that it induces factory construction. Inflation may serve as a temporary and illusory stimulation of economic activity; by enlarging industrial capacity, however, it prepares the ground for another slump. Since a depression registers the failure of consumption to keep pace with production, there are two cures for a depression: increase consumption or reduce production. Planning under capitalism is conceived as a means, first of all, of reducing productive capacity.

Soviet planning does the very opposite. The primary purpose of the first Five-Year Plan (1928–32) was to build new cities, industries, factories, hydro-electric power stations, railroads—in a word, to expand the U.S.S.R.'s productive capacity. At a tremendous cost of money, health, nerves, and life, it has achieved that purpose. Soviet planning, obviously, does not retard progress. It stimulates progress. This progress continues at a rapid pace under the second Five-Year Plan.

A planned society, says Prof. Gregory—and with him many others—"is one based on the principle of force." This is the anti-planners' second argument. It is a naive argument. All governments are based on force. The question is only of the degree of force, who administers it, and for what purpose. Donald R. Richberg, the chief counsel of the N.R.A. of the U.S.A., recently discussed this problem before the Cleveland Bar Association, and said quite correctly: "Practices which definitely destroy the economic security of great masses of people are clearly destructive of their liberty." For what benefiteth it a man if he retains the ballot but has no job and no bread? Does freedom include the right to be unemployed and to be sent into the trenches? Force which eliminates oppressors and exploiters, creates work and prosperity, and guarantees progress and economic security, will not be resented by the great masses of people. With the growing interference of the State in industry, the liberties of individuals are being circumscribed in every country in the world. The United States Government is even insisting on the reduction of salaries in private business corporations. Tariffs, taxes and laws are forms of force. Control of currency is a most powerful weapon in the hands of the State. No one can properly object to planning merely because it is based on the principle of force. The real issue is: Force to what end?

Must the force and centralisation which make planning possible eliminate the consumer's free choice? The assertion that it must is often encountered in the literature of the anti-planners. They contend that the government's compulsive weapons would be used to standardise life, that citizens would have to eat, drink, dress and live as the authorities wished them to. Here the experience of the Soviet Union is instructive.

In the first three years of the Bolshevik revolution, the government was faced with the trying task of repelling the armed invader, and no attention could be paid to the consumers' tastes. Between 1921 and about 1927, the New Economic Policy gave appreciable freedom to private capitalists who produced for a market and attempted to meet individual wishes. But in the production of most commodities, the role of the government was paramount. After 1929, it became practically monopolistic. During all those years the goods famine was grievous. During the Five-Year Plan it became extremely painful. People were ready to buy anything, no matter what the quality. And since most citizens could not buy enough, many Russians, especially Young Communists and pro-Soviet intellectuals, affected an indifference to worldly needs and "superficialities" by arguing that fine clothes, for instance, were bourgeois. Girls wore men's ugly caps when nothing prettier was available, but to comfort themselves they decided that caps were "bolshevik." All this sprang in part from pre-revolutionary traditions. Hatred of the bourgeoisie inspired hatred of everything that pertained to the bourgeoisie. Simple clothes, simple living, were protests against the finery and pleasures of the wealthy. Simple living, moreover, conduced to concentration on revolutionary activities. Self was submerged in the struggle for the liberation of the class. Sparta was trumps.

During all those hard years, however, the State endeavoured to beautify life. The opera, the ballet, and many theatres displayed a dazzling richness of scene and costume incomparably greater than anything in the world. Parks of culture and rest were established throughout the country to provide sensible recreation and civilised leisure. New factories boasted of refreshing flower beds to which workers always pointed with pride. Palms and rubber plants were the inevitable decorations of public communal kitchens equipped with the most modern imported machinery. Sports and games played in new, magnificent stadiums enriched the lives of the millions. But individuals thankful for these favours nevertheless thirsted for more intimate beauty. The social amenities first made available to them by the Soviet government merely whetted their appetite for more colour, light and softness in personal life.

The NEP was dead, and the despised, detested Nepmen or parvenu capitalists disappeared in 1927-1928. A generation appeared that had not known capitalism and that had been too far removed socially from NEP capitalists to be infected by

them. Capitalism had become too unreal to warrant a protest against it in the shape of Spartanism. People wanted pleasure for its own sake. Comforts and luxuries were hard to get during the five years of sacrifice between 1928 and 1933. But for that very reason men and women sought and yearned for them all the more. Towards the end of the first Five-Year Plan one could discern a tremendous popular striving for relaxation and brightness. When a theatre director showed on the stage how the decadent bourgeoisie of the West was "rotting" in fox-trot cafés, people went because they liked to hear fox-trots and to see well-dressed women. A foreign fashion magazine was a prize, and still is. What would a woman not give for a French beret! Those who could manage it got gramophones and records from abroad. From the polka and folk-dances of the Park of Culture and Rest to the weekly "Five-o'clock Tea and Dance" at the Metropole or National Hotel is but one short step. In the beginning jazz was underground—in the homes of the influential. But soon it burst into its officially recognised own. Foreign visitors are sometimes shocked by the confetti, toy balloons, tightly packed public dance floors and jazz orchestras. We associate these things with Western-world social phenomena which are disgusting. But is there anything inherently objectionable in them?

Women like to dress well, and men like women to dress well, as Soviet women who neglected this biological truism have now discovered to their hurt. Even during the worst years of the goods shortage, patent leather shoes and silk stockings appeared in far-off villages. A good Russian dressmaker can to-day set any price on her services and she will get it. An article in *Pravda* recently praised a concert singer who appeared at a workers' club in a silk dress and elegant shoes. Clothing factories have been organising popular fashion shows, and only those dresses, underwear, suits, etc., selected by the public as best must be manufactured by the factories and shops. The government has ordered the textile industry to turn out thinner satins and finer silks. Even cotton goods must be of better grade. "Peasant women refuse to wear coarse prints," says a Moscow daily. *Izvestia* objects to "ugly, untalented designs which do not satisfy the aesthetic tastes of the consumer." The women of a North Caucasus kolhoz recently wrote an open letter to Stalin. They demanded goods that "would make the soul rejoice."

About two years ago, in the darkest days of the first Five-Year Plan, the Academia Publishing Company began to print large quantities of most exquisite editions of the classics—*The Arabian Nights*, *Dante*, *Homer*, *Don Quixote*, *Gulliver's Travels*, etc., etc. They are very expensive, but worthy of the most fastidious collector's taste, and thousands of Soviet citizens frantically scour the bookstores for them. Most of the volumes are sold within the country on advance subscriptions.

A worker in the new Moscow ball-bearing factory is quoted approvingly by *Pravda*. He wants all his furniture to be oaken and executed in one style, he said at a conference on proletarian living conditions. Another worker said: "I have learned to love music, and attend the opera with especial joy. I like *Carmen* most." *Carmen* was the general favourite of the meeting.

Far from regimenting life and eliminating the consumer's choice, the Bolsheviks, now that the volume of goods and availability of cultural institutions make it possible, are encouraging the widest range of individual appetites. In a recent *Pravda* article significantly entitled "The Return of Venus," and dealing with the beautification and enrichment of Soviet life, Valerie Gerasimova says: "The struggle for human individuality, the struggle for the all-sided, free and powerful development of all of that individuality's abilities, talents and potentialities, the struggle for the true dignity and real beauty of man—that is the struggle which irresistibly attracts the builders of Socialism." The Bolsheviks always believed in individualism provided it did not benefit a few and damage the community as a whole. They always favoured freedom provided it did not mean the freedom for the few to become rich and powerful at the expense of the many. If there was any standardisation of living conditions in the Soviet Union it was the standardisation of poverty which the poor of all lands know so well. But as soon as the hard-earned dividends of the first Plan appeared earlier this year in the shape of more and better commodities, the tendency was all away from sameness and from superficial greyness. Every observer in Moscow notes the marked improvement in the general aspect of the city, in the clothes of people, and in the displays in store windows. Shops sell wares that Russia never knew, wares of striking excellence and taste. Good quality is good business. The better the shoes, coats, blankets, etc., which the government produces, the more the national economy gains. But a nation can live without electric irons, electric kettles, beautiful satins, high-heeled slippers, fancy fur coats, gramophones, musical instruments, pianos, modern bathroom fixtures, silk stockings and the hundred and one other articles that are being introduced into the Soviet markets. If planning eliminates the consumer's free choice, why does not Soviet planning eliminate these dispensable commodities? The answer is, of course, that the Bolsheviks want the population of the Soviet Union to enjoy a maximum of comforts and luxuries. But this is subjective. The compelling reason is that the success of Socialist economy is predicated on an uninterrupted expansion of industrial plant. But production will increase faster if the individual producer's incentive is stimulated by the knowledge that he can spend all he earns on desirable and attractive goods. "Socialist competition," shock brigades, and other devices whereby the government sought to raise output by appealing to social ideals, represent the passing phase when goods were scarce. The call of conscience will remain, but the chief emphasis now is on concrete compensation in the form of consumer's commodities. The greater the variety and the better the quality of goods, the harder men and women will work. Some people will steal. If Soviet economics were to check the consumer's free choice, Soviet economy would stagnate. All this conforms with the principle that the Bolsheviks do not object to personal initiative or to personal wealth. They object to the conversion of personal wealth into private capital, because they are convinced that Socialism guarantees progress and individual well-being more effectively than does private capitalism. LOUIS FISCHER

A LONDON DIARY

A HIGHLY placed civil servant said to me to-day, "I am not allowed to take any part in politics. But when I hear it said on the Government's behalf that there is no malnutrition amongst the children of the poor and that everything is getting better I feel very tempted to throw up my job and tell the truth. There may be as yet no measurable signs of starvation amongst the children who receive school meals, but a practised eye can see in the children—and more in the adolescents—plenty of signs of swift deterioration. A doctor who works amongst them told me, for instance, that his job had become heart-breaking. Sick children come to him; he prescribes; they come back in a still worse condition because they simply do not get enough nourishment to enable them to fight the mildest disease. 'I find it,' he said, 'difficult to serve a Government which congratulates mothers on their self-sacrifice in starving themselves for the sake of their children and then resists a proposal to raise children's allowances from 2*s*. to 3*s*.' Do not hundreds of thousands of middle-class people feel as I do? I should like to publish an affirmation for middle-class people to sign saying that they want no relief out of taxation or otherwise which will improve their financial position until the dole is restored at least to the scale in force in the 1931 crisis." I'd go a long way farther myself.

* * *

The late Assistant Commissioner of Police, in an article in the *Times* this week on the homicidal activities of motorists

and motors, remarks that "motorists have shown from the beginning that they will not comply with any law which causes them inconvenience . . . or which . . . they are not forced to obey." He rightly argues that, therefore, part of the problem of making the roads safe, or safer, consists in seeing that the police enforce the law against the delinquent driver. I do not think that any one who does much driving himself and observes the reckless and lethal manner in which large numbers of his fellow motorists habitually behave can believe that the police are taking adequate steps to enforce the law against dangerous driving. Why is it? It so happens that this week two persons have independently answered this question in conversation with me by asserting that the reason is, in their opinion, the corruptibility of the police. As evidence each told me an experience of his own—I will tell their stories as told to me, but before doing so, let me say this: I have never myself had any direct evidence of police corruption in road cases (and there is even in these two cases only suspicion, not direct evidence), but belief in the incorruptibility of a police force among the general public is almost as important as actual incorruptibility.

* * *

And now for the tales. In the first case my friend A was driving along a broad straight main road. On the near side some distance ahead of him there was a stationary private car drawn up by the side of the road, the driver standing by it. A saw approaching him on the right-hand side of the road a lorry followed by a car or two. He could, by accelerating, have passed the stationary car before the lorry reached it, but he was in no hurry, so he slowed down, gave the signal that he was stopping, and stopped ten to fifteen yards from the stationary car and a foot or two from the bank at the side of the road. Thirty seconds after stopping there was a tremendous crash at the back of his car. A young gentleman X emerged from the wreckage and began to abuse A. The owner Y of the stationary car then came up and started abusing X; he said that he had never seen such a scandalous case of reckless and dangerous driving. X had come along behind A at about 60 miles an hour, drew out to pass when he could not have possibly seen that the road was clear, found himself face to face with the lorry, and had to choose between crashing into the front of the lorry or into the back of A's car—he chose A's car. X proposed to leave the matter to the insurance societies, but A and Y insisted upon having the police to the scene. The police arrived and took the statements. A asked them to prosecute X for dangerous driving and Y said that he was prepared to give evidence. A and Y left the scene with the understanding that X would be prosecuted. Nothing further happened, and when A wrote to inquire, he was informed by the police that there was no corroborative evidence! A is firmly convinced that after he and Y drove on, X induced the police not to prosecute.

* * *

In the second case B was driving along a straight piece of open main road on which it is possible for any car to get up to its maximum speed. A herd of some 20 cows were being driven along ahead of him. He slowed down to under 10 miles an hour and had passed two cows when he saw coming down the road towards him a car travelling at a terrifying speed. He drew in behind the third cow and when he saw that the man (C) was not slowing down, he drew in on to the grass by the side of the road as an accident seemed to him inevitable. C came on at a speed which B estimates to have been nearly 100 miles an hour (the car was capable of more), until he was some 30 yards or more from the herd; he then clapped on all his brakes, skidded across the road, and knocked over the leading cow. C's car was undamaged and he was proceeding to drive on when he was stopped by B who insisted upon his giving his name and address and said that if he did not report the accident to the police in the neighbouring town, he (B) would, as it was a case of outrageously dangerous driving. B, who lives in the town, later in the day went to the police and found that C had reported. He told the police that they ought to prosecute for dangerous driving and that he and the man in charge of the cows were prepared to give evidence. No prosecution was entered. B asserts that C had already been warned once for dangerous driving on that piece of road, but that he is a wealthy and well-born resident in the neighbourhood, and so the police will not prosecute him.

* * *

I am interested by the recent appearance of a crop of small cyclostyled news-sheets and commentaries which circulate by post to subscribers. The explanation of this development I take to be the restrictions of the press—there are so few papers in which a person of independent mind can say just what he or she wants to say about public affairs. Last week I called attention to a *Free Speech and Assembly Bulletin* and I have referred more than once to the *Week*, which has now quite a wide circulation among people who would not think of buying a new fourpenny weekly paper but who are quite willing to pay for a lively and rather scandalous account of the backstairs of politics if it arrives punctually by letter post. This week there is an addition to the list—*The Monologue*, edited and written by Miss Lyn Irvine from 20 Albany Mansions, S.W.11. Miss Irvine, the author of *English Letter-Writers*, gives quite a number of reasons for her venture. They boil down, I think, to saying that she wants to talk at her own length on any subject, literary or political, to anyone who will listen to her. She devotes a good deal of her first number to discussing Brigadier-General Groves's *Behind the Smoke Screen*.

* * *

I see it reported that a resident of Barnet, Mr. F. Cole, has made an application for the reduction of his assessment owing to the "lowered tone" of the street in which he lives. The reason given is that Mr. G. P. Harding, a bus driver, lives in the same road and passes to and from work in his uniform.

* * *

I am glad to see that at least one old-fashioned Liberal realises the danger of letting Fascism grow. Mr. J. A. Spender in the *News Chronicle* wisely points out that the "chief disservice that the British Fascists are doing at the present time is that they are subtly and gradually familiarising us with the idea of violence in politics," and that the path of wisdom is to forbid at the very beginning the use of uniforms and military symbols by any political party or organisation." "Officially minded people," he says, "talk about difficulties of definition and possibilities of evasion."

But there ought to be no difficulty about a simple extension of the Corrupt Practices Act forbidding at election times the use by any political party of uniforms or any sort of military equipment, accoutrement or symbols suggesting that it is an army.

We take great pains to protect the individual elector from intimidation, but we ought equally to bar the mass intimidation at which these displays eventually aim.

It is precisely by these means that the foreign Fascists have succeeded in cowing the electorates and we should stop them while they are still in the pantomime stage. Such a measure would be justified, if only in the interests of public.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Miss ——, whose pretty face and slim figure are to be found at most amusing parties and on the floor of all the smartest night clubs.—*Evening News.*

In 1922 he was in Constantinople when things were very critical and they had a lot of trouble there. All sorts and conditions of nationalities were there armed to the teeth and not a night passed without some trouble and shouting and screaming. There were a few British soldiers there as military policemen who had nothing but side-arms, but they just walked up and gave the fellows a good kick on the shins or a jolt on the jaw and the whole thing was settled in five seconds, entirely due to the personality of the Englishmen. He had never had a better example of what English people could do in

this world, as they were now doing in leading the world forward to that economic recovery which was beginning to take place under the leadership of the British race.—Col. E. Pike, in his speech at the annual dinner of the Buriton Village Club, reported in *Hants and Sussex News*.

Mr. Geoffrey Hart, who is a partner in the stockbroking firm of Crews and Co., said: . . . "I placed the whole of my personal fortune in gold shares. I knew I was not risking it, even if other people thought so. I have made approximately £200,000 already. It is a pleasant feeling. In my opinion the boom will continue for a few more days this week." The excitement spread to other members of the Hart family, for on Friday night, when the boom was at its highest, Mr. Hart's pedigree Alsatian dog gave birth to twelve puppies. —*Sunday Express*.

At the trial at Madura, Southern India, of a Congress worker, Mrs. Padmasani Ammal Iyengar on a charge of seditious speeches, Mr. Wahab Sahib, C.I.D., Sub-Inspector of Police, declared that the woman's utterances inflamed the minds of the audience. Asked what led him to think so, the worthy officer replied, "that the audience was very silent and listened attentively to the speeches." The woman was ordered to find security of 300 rupees to keep the peace for three years.—*The Hindu*.

On the right of the platform is the old Jury box, in which the jury is literally impanelled, so constructed that it can be shut up into the wall when not required for use.—Extract from the *Official Handbook of Sandwich*.

Ferocious, daring rider wants modern Motor Cycle, electric light, cheap for cash.—Advert. in *Bournemouth Daily Echo*.

"British capital is both sound and honest and should be attracted to Poland," said the Deputy M. Miedzinski, in speaking before the Budget Committee of the Diet.—Quoted in *Financial News*.

There was nothing more touching or beautiful in the domestic life of the country than to hear of a woman waiting at the prison gates to welcome a husband from whom she had been separated for many years.—Dr. O'Donovan (C., Mile End), on the Divorce Bill, as reported in the *Daily Telegraph*, on Saturday, February 3rd.

HUMBLE OF HEART

I'M told I'm a cynic, too ready to find
My theme in the follies and faults of mankind.
The charge may be just—let me widen my range
By extolling the merits of men for a change;
And first, I would praise to my utmost ability
Man's cardinal virtue, his basic humility;
Since his search for security, justice, or pelf,
All point to his abject distrust of himself.
What trader, for instance, would ever admit
That he equalled his rivals in sharpness of wit,
And, deprived of protection by tariffs full-blown,
Could dispose of his wares on their merits alone?
Are the soldiers less modest? In war, as in trade,
From an equal encounter we shrink back, afraid;
Hence all States are agreed that security's test
Is for each to be stronger by far than the rest.
What else too, inspires the new rage for autocracies
Save the inward conviction of modest democracies
That, if left to themselves, they will certainly find
The blindest of leaders to lead them, the blind,
And can only be saved by reliance unshrinking
Upon those who will save them the burden of thinking.
Yet even dictators, those dwellers apart,
Seem "humble," if not perhaps "holy of heart";
Convinced that the first faintest glimmer of reason
Must lead, by sheer logic, their subjects to treason,
And that public applause can be won for their acts
By no means upon earth, save concealing the facts.
True, the effort is vain; yet with all its futility,
It confirms, at the least, man's essential humility.

MACFLECKNOE

QUESTIONS ABOUT HAPPINESS

MRS. CATHERINE CARSWELL, writing in the *News Chronicle* on Tuesday last, painted a much more cheerful picture than we usually get of the caged birds in a bird-market. "Snarers and sellers of small wild birds," she declared, "show every sign of loving and cherishing their wares, and you never see a sick bird among them." I should myself like to see the caging of any birds except those bred in captivity abolished; but, when I read Mrs. Carswell's article, I began to ask myself whether my attitude was due to vague sentimentalism or to certainty as to the life the birds would prefer—life in a cage or the freedom of the air.

There are undoubtedly some birds that look utterly miserable in a cage. The caged eagles on the steps of the Roman Capitol look rebelliously resentful, yet without hope in their rebelliousness, under the stare of the freer bipeds of the streets. The lark in a cage is as eager for escape as a prisoner. Yet there are other birds that sing in cages as joyously as if they were flitting from spray to spray in the Garden of Eden. The street of a Spanish town, with cages hanging outside the houses, resounds with the happiness of birds like a wood in spring. Some enthusiasts for cage birds have made the experiment of leaving the cage door open so that the bird might make its choice between imprisonment and freedom. Some time ago a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* described how he offered this choice to a goldfinch with the result that it returned and demanded to be allowed to re-enter the cage.

If the cage were large enough—as it seldom is—to permit plenty of freedom of movement, it is possible that some birds would prefer the luxury of captivity to the perils of liberty. In such conditions, the bird has a human being as his servitor to bring him food, to provide him with drink, to keep everything neat and tidy. The free bird enjoys none of this freedom from toil and the fear of cruel enemies. Even while he eats he is on the watch for danger. And how he has to labour like a slave to ward off starvation! One could imagine a very pretty dialogue between a caged bird and a wild bird on the rival merits of confinement and liberty. The preference of confinement by a caged bird would revolt our sense of moral dignity, but, from the point of view of a bird in search of an easy life, he might have a good enough case for his choice. I should certainly let him have his cage if he wished it, but I should also, were I dictator, insist that everybody who kept a caged bird other than birds of the canary and parrot families should leave the cage-door open for an hour a day so that no small bird might be kept imprisoned against its will.

It is, of course, extremely difficult to measure the happiness of any animal. Those half-slaves, the domesticated animals, seem as happy as any—perhaps, the happiest of all. Is the wild cat as happy as the cat that purrs beside a Christian hearth? Is the hunger-driven wolf as happy as the dog that bounds into the water after a stick on Brighton beach? Whether sheep and cows and horses are happy one cannot be sure. The young of all farm-animals look enormously happy—the lamb bouncing both ends into the air for pure joy, the calf thrusting its nose into a bucket of delicious milk, the foal whinnying round its mother's head as she feeds. But, as the sheep and the cow grow to maturity, what an air of resignation they acquire! What a failure of ecstasy is apparent! An eminent writer once attributed "beautiful and tranquil thoughts" to a cow. His intuition may have been sound, but to me it seems that he might almost as well have attributed beautiful and tranquil thoughts to a vegetable. As for the horse, certain experts have told us that he takes no pleasure in any of those accomplishments of his that give pleasure to man. Undoubtedly, he enjoys a feed of corn or drinking from a pond after the day's work, or weltering in a field when he is set free for a summer night, but it gives him no pleasure, we are told, to jump at the Dublin Horse Show or to gallop across country after a fox or to win the Derby or the Grand National. He is eternally obedient, but eternally incapable of enjoying his noblest achievements. He clears a hurdle

with as little joy as he feels while dragging a plough through the heavy earth. He wins the Gold Cup at Ascot on the loveliest day of the year amid the cheers of the loveliest crowd on earth, and he is as indifferent to it all as if he were hauling a dray through the streets of Bermondsey. I can scarcely believe this, but, if it is true, it reconciles me to the disappearance of the horse and the invention of the equally unfeeling motor car.

We know so little about the happiness of animals that we can only guess at it. I sometimes wonder, however, whether we know much more about the happiness of our fellow-human-beings. Take two men, both of whom look equally happy, and, if you question them, you will probably find that one of them will say that he would gladly live his life over again, while the other will declare that not only would he be unwilling to live his life over again, but that he cares so little for life that he would gladly die during the next night's sleep. I have often been puzzled by the indifference to life of men who seemed to be enjoying it far better than I was. They were the best company in the world, humorists, successful in their work, enjoying books, plays, travel, the passing spectacle of the world, food, strong drink, and the conversation of children, yet philosophically they were pessimists who would go to their graves as willingly as to bed after the weariness of a day's tramping.

It may be that, if I shared their indifference to death, I might acquire their pessimistic philosophy about life. But I have always feared death, and, compared with it, the green fields of the world and houses with people talking nonsense in them seem extraordinarily desirable. If I were offered the chance of living my life over again, I feel almost sure that I should jump at it. I should certainly have another go at my childhood. It perplexes me when I read modern novels and autobiographies in which childhood and boyhood are described as periods of misery. Sometimes the misery is due to narrow-minded relatives: sometimes it is due to bullying at school. Even so exuberant a human-being as Mr. Winston Churchill looks back on his schooldays as a time of torment. When I was a boy, our elders always assured us that we were now at the happiest stage of human life, and, apparently, they themselves looked back to schooldays that were fuller of pleasures than of pains. The elders of our own day, however, take a less rosy view of their adolescent years. You would imagine from their reminiscences that school had in their time been a kind of Devil's Island. If their evidence is trustworthy, it seems to me that the great boarding-schools ought to be abolished. Day-schools do not, in the same proportion, contain the means of making the young miserable. At least, my school, which was mainly a day-school, did not.

As for cruel and narrow-minded relations, I never suffered from them. I had three generations of relations, exceeding in number the family of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, and there was not a monster among them. The arrival of my grandmother or a visit to my cousins made life positively brim with happiness. It is all the more surprising that I was happy, since temperamentally I had all the qualifications for a life of misery. Timid, self-conscious, disobedient, given to fits of sullenness, selfish, awkward, envious, incompetent at all the games I loved so well, I had all the ingredients that go to the makings of the leading character in a depressionist novel. But I was happy, or, at least, I remember my periods of happiness more vividly than my periods of misery.

This may be due to a refusal to face the facts—to a self-indulgent habit of thrusting unpleasant things into the background of my memory, and keeping only the pleasant things on the surface in order to enjoy them over again. Certainly I had my portion of unhappiness—grief over the invention of death and Adam's iniquitous idiocy in being tempted by an apple, occasional trembling from the fear of Hell and of the cut-throat agents of the Pope domiciled in my native town, bad temper, humiliation, conscious wickedness. I am not sure, however, that my hours of misery did not make my hours of happiness seem all the happier by contrast.

Have I, then, had a happy life? I do not know, but I have enjoyed the happy part of it. It is impossible to weigh against each other all the moods of one's life, from the suicidal, through grief, to the ecstasies of the seventh circle of Paradise. There were, however, it seems to me, enough good hours to compensate for the bad. Will it be so in the next generation, when the fear of poison-gas bombs has taken the place of the fear of Hell? I am not sure. About the past, I am a sentimentalist looking at things through rose-coloured spectacles; about the future, I am a blind man. Y. Y.

TOWN PLANNING IN PRACTICE

IT tends to be assumed that when Parliament has passed an Act the social problem behind it has been solved. Town and Country Planning, for instance, has ceased to be news. Yet the passing of an Act is nothing more than the preliminary step to getting the administrative authorities to work. They have still to be persuaded to do something and to make some attempt to do it well. Town planning has been possible for twenty-four years; yet up to March 31st last only fifty authorities had completed schemes, and less than one acre in 245 had been covered by approved plans.

There is indeed an enormous time-lag between the passing to an Act and the taking of effective action. There can hardly be any area which needed planning more than Blackpool. Yet Blackpool's first scheme was approved only in February of this year. The preliminary statement was approved in 1928; and it is hardly worth while to find out when the first step—the resolution to prepare the scheme—was taken. On this basis, the authorities who began planning after the Act of 1932 may be expected to have their schemes in force perhaps by 1940. Indeed, the procedure is more complicated than it was under the Act of 1925. For the Standing Committee which considered the Bill insisted upon the Minister's approval being given to every resolution to prepare a scheme, though under the Act of 1925 only a small minority of resolutions needed such approval. The result is that any planning scheme may have to pass through as many as forty-four different steps before it comes into force—and some of these "steps" are composite acts involving inquiries, notices, objections and discussions.

This additional complication was forced upon the Ministry of Health by Conservative members. They seemed to think that if they made planning more complicated they would have less of it. Landowners would thus be left to take their unearned profit at their pleasure. Actually, the plans will be produced, but they will be more costly. The landowners will not mind; for so long as the land is undeveloped it is agricultural land and as such will not only be exempted from the increased rates which the complication of planning will demand but, even under Mr. Churchill's de-rating scheme, will pay no rates at all. And as soon as the land is "ripe" for development the landowner will sell out and make his profit, leaving the householders, the shop-keepers, and the "non-industrial" industry to bear the cost.

Though the Ministry of Health is not to be blamed for this, it is to be blamed for another gross defect in the Act. The period between the approval of the preliminary statement and the approval of the scheme may be five years. In the meantime the speculative builder may spread his monstrosities where he will, and there is no one to say him nay. It is true that when the scheme is approved it will probably have retrospective effect and that the local authority will then have power to pull down without paying compensation buildings which have been put up without the permission of the planning authority. But five years is a long time. The speculative builder gets rid of his houses as quickly as he can. He does not mind if the houses are pulled down later—it will save them from falling down, and he has made his profit. In fact, of course, the houses being now in the hands of innocent purchasers, there is no authority with the courage to enforce the law. The result is a scramble among speculative builders to put up houses as

quickly as the public will take them off their hands; sometimes permission for "interim development" is obtained, sometimes it is not.

Even where permission is obtained, or where the building would in any case be against the by-laws, it does not follow that the public interest is properly protected. It seems not to have been realised that contractors, speculative builders, estate agents, and other people engaged in spoiling the countryside in the interests of private profit are coming to play a large part in local administration. Where the party system works properly, as in most of the large towns, party opposition prevents most of the worst kinds of exploitation. But where the party system does no exist, or where, as in many one-class areas, it does not operate effectively, undesirable influences are playing an increasingly important part. Indeed, many people by an understandable confusion of thought help to produce this result. They suggest that a large property owner or some similar candidate ought to be elected because he has "a large stake in the town." The assumption seems to be that he will look after the town because he will want to look after his stake. It seems not to be realised that he may look after his stake and not the rest of the town. The logical conclusion of this perverted utilitarianism seems to be that such a person should be given the whole town for a stake.

The property owner, the estate agent, and the speculative builder are concerned to see that development shall be as free as possible. They want few by-laws and no planning scheme. Whatever restrictions exist they want enforced as laxly as possible. The scandal is becoming so noticeable that it is surprising that no steps have been taken to prevent it. Under the existing law a person who has a contract with the council is disqualified from being a member of it. Actually cases exist where the expense of litigation and the reluctance of other members of the council to act in an "unfriendly" fashion have allowed gross breaches of this rule to go unchallenged. In any event, estate agents and speculative builders are rarely parties to any contract with the council. Rather they are concerned with the relaxation of restrictions on private property and with the acquisition of advance information of prospective developments. Against this there is no effective remedy.

The Departmental Committee which recently investigated local government law had an opportunity of dealing with the problem. But they have really made the present problem worse. For when the new Local Government Act comes into force any member of a council who has a direct or indirect pecuniary interest in any matter before the council need only inform the council of the fact and take no part in the discussion. He may, apparently, do anything he pleases in the committee meeting where the real decision is taken; and those familiar with the atmosphere of the average small council will know the reluctance with which any decision against the personal interest of any individual member is taken. Professor Chorley succeeded in getting quashed a decision of the Hendon Rural District Council to permit a "road house" in a residential area, but only because a biased person was held to have taken part in the discussion. In future such a person need only inform the council of his interest, and sit back and listen.

A recent example will indicate the nature of the problem. In an area covered by a preliminary statement for a regional planning scheme a speculative builder received permission to put up eight houses to the acre. Several months later he again submitted plans for building to the same density on a plot of land. When the houses were up it was discovered that the second plot was part of the first, and that by crowding the houses together he had in fact secured permission for building more than eight houses to the acre. Owing to the defect in the Town and Country Planning Act nothing can be done under that Act until the Scheme comes into force—perhaps years hence—when the ownership of the houses will have changed. Moreover, the joint planning authority contains representatives of two authorities, that in whose area the houses were put up, and another. The vice-chairman of that other authority is the speculative builder himself. So that although the Act has been flouted and the by-laws have been broken no steps to enforce them can be taken without causing difficulties in the joint planning authority. The Ministry of Health refuses an inquiry, partly because they do not want the hole in the Act pointed out, and partly because they cannot do anything about it anyway.

Correspondence

THE LEAGUE DESTROYED?

SIR,—You said in your leader last week that "the jettisoning of disarmament, the triumph of Japan, and the continued humiliation of Germany which gave Hitler his chance, have destroyed the League as an effective force, leaving behind a rump of Powers dependent on France, and only half-heartedly supported by a hesitant British Government. . . ."

Does not that really overstate your case about the League? (I leave aside here the question whether it is just to say that disarmament has already been "jettisoned.") Certainly, the injury done to the League is very grave. Certainly the League's machinery for preventing and stopping war was not used effectively enough to restrain Japan's determined aggression. Certainly, the League's enterprise will be fatally compromised if the collaboration of Germany cannot be recovered. And, as Lord Cecil has written, "it is certain that during the tenure of office of this Government" (in England), "and largely owing to its attitude, the League has declined in influence more than under any other Government since the war."

But the League is not "destroyed," nor can we justifiably assert that it can never henceforth prove "an effective force." Its code of peace and justice is imperfect, of course; but it contains, you will agree, a minimum of obligations which will be indispensable, whether now or presently, as a starting point for the growth of a peaceful world-order. That code remains binding upon our fifty States, and the machinery for applying it remains in being, ready for use if we have the will to use it. And as for the League's machinery for the organisation of peace, it is being used every day in a thousand ways of which the press indicates almost nothing.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION spends its service, as I for one very gratefully acknowledge, in furthering the growth of a world order "assured of peace and capable of justice," and such service must, of course, include enough scepticism to wither up complacency about the League's menaced future and enough critical vigilance to denounce at once any attempt to seduce the League from its proper loyalties. But if THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION maintained that the League is not only gravely endangered but already irrevocably destroyed, it would be overstating the case very much and serving on the same side as the enemies of world order. Lord Beaverbrook is happy to proclaim repeatedly that the League is damned and dead, "destroyed as an effective force." He is wrong and you are not on his side.

W. ARNOLD FORSTER

THE CASE OF SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

SIR,—I must beg to profoundly differ from you in your apologia for Sir Stafford Cripps. You make a point of the fact that the capitalist press attacks outspoken Labour leaders, so as to discredit them in the public eye. That may be true enough of the Rothermere and Beaverbrook press and of certain other organs. But it can by no possibility apply to the *Manchester Guardian*, whose courage and sincerity and championship of unpopular causes is known throughout the world. And this paper has criticised Sir Stafford Cripps as trenchantly as any paper could, speaking of him as "Labour's Liability." In addition to this, not a few revered leaders of our Labour movement, who have been in the movement (and have suffered for the movement, too) at least three times as long as Sir Stafford Cripps has been, have also most severely criticised him. Now, Sir, you cannot dismiss their criticism as you do that of the Rothermere gutter press.

I, myself, an obscure individual enough, have been a Socialist for over forty-five years, and can remember when to be called a Socialist was a synonym for madman. And it is as a Socialist, and therefore as a democrat, that Sir Stafford Cripps' propaganda

seems so seriously at fault to me. Not only does that propaganda mislead the plain, uninstructed man and woman, whom we wish to convert to our ideals, so that, as Rev. Herbert Dunnico puts it, " he loses us 20,000 votes and perhaps two seats every time he opens his mouth." But where to me he seems most seriously to err is in laying down to the unconverted what he thinks we ought to do *when we have a majority in the House and in the country, if and when the Lords and Bankers set up to oppose and thwart the popular will*. Surely, surely, it will be time enough to think about that when we have got a majority! " Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Our job at present is to make Socialists; and I see very little about that, or the way to do that, in this propaganda. Roughly, Labour represents one-third of the ordinary vote up and down the country. And of that one-third perhaps one-tenth is really Socialist. Until, also, we can convert the agricultural districts we shall never get a majority. Had we not better set about getting " Labour and the Nation " through Parliament, with the aid of Radical votes? No real attempt was made to do that in the last Parliament under the leaders who have since deserted us. That will also take some years to carry out. But if we can do that by a real concentration of the Left, we shall have convinced the people of our competency and sincerity, and paved the way for a larger vote and a larger step forward towards the realisation of our glorious ideal. WALTER B. GRAHAM

42 Londesborough Road, Scarborough.

SIR,—Your admirable article on " The Case of Sir Stafford Cripps " did not mention one distressing feature of the conspiracy against him. From the bulk of the press we expect and can make allowances for the kind of unchivalrous treatment described in your article. But the *Manchester Guardian* has for years seemed to many of us in the North a newspaper free from such petty unchivalries. Yet over Sir Stafford Cripps the *Guardian's* treatment has, I venture to submit, been little better than the rest. It has " baited " this " spokesman of the Left . . . with admirable concentration " and an illiberality of temper wholly foreign to the traditions of the paper. " With steady persistence and not without subtlety " Sir Stafford has been " made to seem an ' impossible ' leader." The *Guardian* has ignored " with a massive impenetrable deafness the argument that he is trying to present " : it has written pontifical leading articles " on the slender foundation of a misunderstanding," the purpose of which has been to present Sir Stafford as an inexperienced amateur, a bungler, a rash incompetent who is the biggest liability which the wiser leaders like Mr. Clynes or Mr. Greenwood have to carry. . . . Even in its news columns it has been impossible to obtain a fair picture of what Sir Stafford stands for and were it not for the comparative freedom of its correspondence columns it would be hard to distinguish between the *Guardian's* treatment of Sir Stafford and that of any other comparable newspaper.

It may be that this treatment is a tribute to Sir Stafford's importance in the Labour Movement. But I am afraid that even that explanation will not reconcile many people to the significant change in the traditional temper of a newspaper from which we have long learnt to expect more liberal and chivalrous standards of criticism. H. BINNS

Victoria Park, Manchester.

TAXATION OF LARGE INCOMES

SIR,—You have thought proper to pillory in the current number of your paper an extract from a letter of mine on the above subject, published in the *Times* of January 29.

I have to-day received from a correspondent the following figures given by the Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time of the introduction of the second Finance Bill of 1931 in reply to a question in the House.

Married man with three children, income all from investments, £50,000. Capital value, £1,000,000. Pays.

Income Tax	£12,408	Income	£50,000
Surtax	£15,957	Adverse Balance ..	£3,505
Insurance to provide for Death Duties	£25,140		£53,505
	£53,505		

As I showed in my letter, when the amounts of capital are larger the adverse balance becomes larger and larger still.

No chartered accountant would sanction the payment of dividends by a company which by doing so divided capital, by maintaining taxation at the present scale on the very rich, and spending the proceeds of that taxation as Income; that is what this country is now doing. The end can only be disastrous to the whole community, and I repeat the sentence which you pilloried :

> I have made the calculations . . . with a hope that any tax relief that the forthcoming Budget can give will be given to the very rich who . . . are now taxed largely in excess of their whole income.

No doubt you will have the courtesy to print this letter, otherwise your comments in this same number of your paper on the attitude of the press to the Labour Party would appear singularly uncalled for. A. HERVEY HOARE

Ovington Park,

Alresford, Hants.

[We most willingly publish this explanation. The very sufficient answer is that the £25,140 paid annually to provide for Death Duties is not taxation at all but a voluntary devise by which the taxpayer seeks to ensure that in spite of death duties he may pass on to his children the whole of his inheritance.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

POLITICS AND AESTHETICS

SIR,—Mr. Ivor Montagu has got into a serious muddle this week between politics and aesthetics. He tells us that " the fear of facing reality is characteristic of art in the last stages of the decay of capitalism." We should now, it seems, discern grave forebodings of economic ruin in *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, the *Commedia dell' Arte* and *Greek Mythology*. And the significance of the Russian Ballet as a portent of Communism has no doubt too often been missed. It will cheer Mr. Montagu, or otherwise, to reflect, whatever may be the depravity of foreign art, that British films, pictures and books in all their more popular manifestations, still display a healthy realism. A. P. D. PENROSE

West Bradenham Hall,

Thetford, Norfolk

SADHU SUNDAR SINGH

SIR,—Would you very kindly allow me through your columns to ask any of your readers, who may have records of public interest concerning Sadhu Sundar Singh, to allow me to see them and, if necessary, to use them in the memoir I am writing about him? During a recent visit to India I was able to collect some very valuable information at first hand, and I am anxious to obtain any further material, especially concerning his two journeys in the West. C. F. ANDREWS

Woodbrooke, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

CARPING CRITICISM

SIR,—As my pseudonym below will indicate, I can have no sympathy with your journal, whose, on the whole, lamentable existence I discovered only when the committee of my club had to reprimand a foolish member for leaving a copy of it in the reading room. In connection with that unfortunate incident I made it my business to acquaint myself with your views so that I might deal justly with the wayward member.

I was astonished, Sir, that a person of intelligence, as I take you to be, should indulge in such petty carping criticism of the National Government, backed as it is by all the men of worth in the major parties. So I was even more surprised to find myself in agreement with you over three matters, namely : police pay cuts, teachers' salary cuts and unemployment benefit cuts. I suspect you share my views merely because of the " agin the Government " attitude of mind that characterises you, so I shall detail my own reasons.

As to the police, they are the men primarily responsible for maintaining or restoring order in the event of unrest, so it is essential to keep them content and loyal in their allegiance to the Government.

In the case of the school-teachers, with them rests the education of the next generation, and it is political madness to encourage them in the already tendentious bias they give to their instruction. If only each school-teacher could have a minimum of £5,000 capital, the future of the Conservative Party and the British Empire would be assured.

The usual ridiculous arguments against the " dole " cuts I shall ignore; if a man has not enough initiative to find work, then on Darwin's rule of the " survival of the fittest," society does not

want him, however sorry it may be for his family. But the present trend in foreign affairs has produced an all-sufficient reason for an increase in the dole. War, which the most logical members of my party have long recognised as inevitable and the best solution of the unemployment problem, and which the directors of most of my companies consider desirable, is imminent, and I welcome the chance for Britain once more to prove her superiority and return to prosperity. Yet if a recent report of a Committee of the B.M.A. is correct, an unemployed man cannot maintain health good enough even to work, far less to fight. It pains me to criticise the splendid work of this Government, but surely, Sir, it is exposing us to great danger. Our men, in work and out, must be kept fit to fight; therefore I invite you to join with me in my efforts to increase the dole and ensure a virile manhood for the coming war.

A LOGICAL TORY

P.S.—It puzzles me that such an obvious and convincing argument should have been overlooked by the Government.

PREVENTION OR CURE?

SIR,—A small but important society is requiring urgent help in order to maintain its existence. Will you allow it to ask for this through your columns?

The Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease exists for two purposes: (1) to educate the public in regard to the scientific prevention of venereal disease; and (2) to get a Private Member's Bill through Parliament, which will make it legal for chemists to supply approved preventive measures against venereal disease, *if requested*.

The public is not generally aware how ludicrous is the present position. Although the prophylaxis of venereal disease is one of the most successful coups of all preventive medicine, and has been brilliantly successful wherever adopted in the Army and the Navy, any civilian asking a chemist for the same measures is not allowed to receive them. Nevertheless, when he has contracted the disease he is given many months of most costly treatment, free of all charge, at the taxpayers' expense.

That the public should be deprived of scientific knowledge and then indirectly charged heavily for the result of its ignorance is as cruel as it is foolish.

Since the objects of our Society have been approved by successive Ministers of Health, by the Public Health Committees of many local authorities, and favourably reported on by a Royal Commission and a Government Committee of Inquiry, we are almost certain to be successful with a well-timed Bill. But we require about a hundred additional subscribers to enable us to keep going with the work, which has always been voluntarily supported.

Any inquiries or help will be welcomed by the Secretary, Society for the Prevention of Venereal Disease, 6 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

JOAN MALLESON, M.B., B.S.

Miscellany

CONSTABLE AND DELACROIX

ON January 17th, 1824, Constable writes to his friend and patron Archdeacon Fisher, that "the Frenchman who was after his large picture *The Hay Cart* last year, is here again. He would, I believe, have that and *The Bridge* if he could get them at his price. His object is to make a show of them in Paris, perhaps to my advantage." Fisher replied on the following day, advising Constable to let his *Hay Cart* go to Paris by all means. He adds, "I would, I think, let it go at less than its price for the sake of the éclat it may give you. The stupid English public, which has no judgment of its own, will begin to think there is something in you if the French make your work national property. You have long lain under a mistake; men do not purchase pictures because they admire them but because others covet them." This advice was important. The pictures were bought by the Frenchman and were exhibited in the Louvre, where the annual salons were held. Eugène Delacroix had already finished his large canvas, the *Massacre of Scio*, and sent it to the Louvre. When he saw these pictures of Constable's he was so deeply impressed that, in the course of three or four days, he entirely repainted his *Massacre*. That Delacroix, the greatest painter of the early nineteenth century, should repaint his own picture, at the last moment, as it were, after seeing these two landscapes by an unknown English artist, was an event in the world of art, an event of extraordinary significance. It is true that Delacroix was then only a young man of twenty-six, but he soon came to be recognised as one of the greatest French colourists and the leader of the Romantic school that had arisen in opposition to Ingres, who faithfully adhered to the classic traditions. The *Massacre of Scio* hung for many years in the Luxembourg, but after the death of the painter it was removed to the Louvre, where it still hangs.

Delacroix is the pride of the French, but here in England he is little known. One reason for this may be that he is poorly represented in our galleries. There is a fine full-length portrait in the National Gallery which gives no idea whatever of the artist, who was no portrait-painter; and the one picture, *The Execution of Marin Faliero* at the Wallace Collection is a poor example of his work. The two small compositions at the Victoria and Albert Museum are more characteristic.

A fine testimonial to Delacroix's imaginative powers is given by Goethe, who, in his "Conversations with Eckermann," refers to certain lithographs of Faust and Mephistopheles which he shows to Eckermann—"by a Monsieur Delacroix." After giving a full description of Delacroix's fine conception of Faust and Mephistopheles galloping past the gallows in the night to release Marguerite from prison, Goethe declares that the artist has in some scenes surpassed his, Goethe's, own ideas, and that he himself had not thought them out so perfectly. Goethe hoped that Delacroix would continue the series, and specially looked forward to seeing his treatment of the "Brocken" scene.

The impression made on Delacroix by Constable's *Hay Wain* and *The Bridge* remained with him all his life. He never missed an opportunity of studying Constable's work. Twenty-three years later he recalls *le paysagiste anglais* in a passage in his Journal. He quotes Constable as having said that: "The superiority of the greens of his fields is due to the fact that they are composed of a *multitude of different* greens. What is wrong with the green of the ordinary painter, the reason why it has no intensity, or life, or colour, is because it is composed of one uniform tint! And what Constable has said of the greens of the fields must apply to all the other colours."

Delacroix was not the only one to be impressed by these landscapes. A friend of Constable's wrote to him from Paris that: "The French have been forcibly struck by these pictures and they have created a division in the landscape painters of France."

Castagnary, the chronicler of the salons of the nineteenth century, writing about French landscape painting, says that Constable did not create French landscape but "il lui a donné l'occasion de naître."

The Frenchman who discovered Constable was Charles Nodier, man of letters, entomologist and politician. Nodier was a Romantic, a friend of Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset and Sainte-Beuve. He came to London in 1821, and saw the *Hay Wain* at the Academy. It made a great impression on him; and in a little volume published in the following year, *Promenades de Dieppe*, telling of his experiences in this country, the only pictures that he mentions are the landscapes by Constable. It was, no doubt, owing to Nodier that Constable was known in Paris some years before his two pictures were exhibited there in 1824.

Of the *Hay Wain* Nodier wrote: "In painting, landscapes and seascapes are the pictures in which the English have the fewest rivals in Europe. Some of their pictures almost surpass every ideal that one can form to one's self of perfection in this style of painting, but the palm of the exhibition belongs to a large landscape by Constable, to which the ancient or modern masters have very few masterpieces that could be put in opposition. Near, it is only broad daubings of ill-laid

colour which offend the touch as well as the sight, they are so coarse and uneven. At the distance of a few steps it is a picturesque country, rustic dwellings, a low river where little waves foam over the pebbles, a cart crossing a pond. It is water, air and sky; it is Ruysdael, Wouwerman or Constable."

To Nodier, as to everyone, this was a new kind of painting; but he soon realised that, unlike the Claudes and the Poussins, these were pictures to be looked at from a certain distance. It was small wonder that on his return to Paris, Nodier should have spoken of this work in the highest terms.

Constable was only an Associate of the Academy at this time; in fact, an election of Academicians was held while the *Hay Wain* was on show at the British Institute, and Constable was beaten by an obscure landscape painter named Daniell. A certain John Martin was the most popular painter of the day, and in this very year his "Belshazzar's Feast" was hailed as a masterpiece and described by one critic as "a poetical and sublime conception in the greatest style of the art—a glorious work." It would probably do as badly at Christie's to-day as did Fuseli's famous "Flood," which, measuring 12ft. by 10ft., was sold a few years ago for one pound—including the frame!

The original offer that Nodier made in 1822 for the *Hay Wain* was seventy pounds, without the frame; but in 1824 it was sold with another picture (*The Bridge*), for £250, and a small one, *Yarmouth*, "into the bargain." In any event, Nodier made a good purchase. The French Government wanted to secure the canvas for the nation, and were prepared to give 12,000 francs (£500) for it, but the proprietor would not let it go.

Constable's works had been well hung at the Exhibition, but they made such a sensation that they were moved to an even more conspicuous place. Charles X visited the Louvre and gave Constable a gold medal for these pictures. The following year he and Sir Thomas Lawrence were invited by the Mayor of Lille to contribute to an Exhibition there. Constable sent the *White Horse* and earned another gold medal.

England continued to remain curiously indifferent. When the *Hay Wain* was first shown in the Academy, not one of the daily papers mentioned it. Mr. W. T. Whitley tells us in his interesting "Art in England" that of all the papers the *Examiner* alone (then edited by Leigh Hunt) described the *Hay Wain* as a masterpiece. The *Examiner's* critic (possibly Leigh Hunt himself, or his brother Robert) conveyed the impression that it was then a brighter picture than it seems as it hangs on the walls of the National Gallery. Time and dirt or varnish may have dulled the radiance of Constable's colour, for we have to confess that to us to-day, who are familiar with the works of Renoir, Cézanne, Van Gogh and all the Impressionists, the *Hay Wain* does not appear as revolutionary as it did to the critic of the *Examiner*.

When Constable's two large pictures were sent to Paris, their departure from England aroused no comment with the exception of a friend of his, who wrote in the *Somerset Gazette* "that they had hung neglected and covered with dust in the room in which they had been painted. They must have hung there since they returned from the Academy in 1821, and might have hung there till Doomsday, had it not been for the French collector."

As we have said, Nodier refused to let the State have his *Hay Wain*, and must have kept it till his death in 1844. It then passed into the possession of George Young, for he figures in the catalogue of the Exhibition of 1853, at the British Institute, as the lender of the picture. At the Young sale it was bought by Henry Vaughan, who bequeathed it to the National Gallery in 1886.

Five years later Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President of the Academy, made no attempt to conceal his astonishment that Constable, a "mere painter of the humblest class of landscape," should have been made an R.A. when so many "historical painters of great merit" were among the candidates.

ESTHER SUTRO

BANKSIDE AND BAYSWATER

Spring, 1600. By EMLYN WILLIAMS. *Shaftesbury Theatre.*
Birthday. By RODNEY ACKLAND. *Cambridge Theatre.*

MR. WILLIAMS begins in Essex, at the home of Master Byrd, musician. The spring of 1600 was evidently kind; "jocund" is, I think, the accepted vernal epithet of the period. The scenery by "Motley" bids farewell to reality, makes Essex enchanted, and gilds pale Ongar with its heavenly alchemy. If it be jocund to hold *al fresco* sing-song, then jocundity abounds *chez* Byrd. But not in the heart of daughter Ann, a fiery particle who will not marry the landed fop maternally selected. While rebellion simmers, Will Kempe, the clown of Shakespeare's company, and Master Salathiel Pavy, the boy-actor so beautifully lamented by Ben Jonson, look over the garden-wall. Escape were doubly blessed in such romantic company. Ann is quickly their fellow-vagabond, gets into doublet and hose and arrives, a modest and a timid boy despite the swagger of her cavalier boots, at the house of Burbage. So far, so fanciful, an Elizabethan story with the mood and music of its age. Now, in a reasonably squalid apartment, we observe a cry of players in full voice and hustle. Mr. Williams, a player himself, knows all about rehearsals and his notion of the Elizabethan "busker" scrip in hand is plausible as well as excellent fun. Mr. Frank Pettingell (the best Porter in *Macbeth* I ever saw) fashions a wonderful figure of Pope, ex-leading lady of the Lord Chamberlain's troop. What a curious theatre was Shakespeare's. Little Pavy played old men, so perhaps the great, flabby fellow whom Mr. Pettingell presents was an authentic "dame" of the period. Mr. Williams confirms my own opinion that a Shakespearean performance of Shakespeare must have been terrible. It is true that the centuries have butchered, bowdlerised, and bedizened the works of poor Will; but perhaps no age has made a greater hash of them than his own.

But let that pass. Young Miss Byrd, accepted as a recruit by Burbage, in an hour of need, becomes boy-player and girl-infatuate. She learns to be a brilliant actress in a day or two (further evidence that their acting-level was low), triumphantly creates the part of Viola at the opening of the Globe, and then pops off to Essex to be a farmer's wife. Meanwhile Burbage has nearly forgotten about his own new darling theatre and has to be rescued from wine and woman at the last moment in order to attend the inaugural performance. This element of the play is least satisfactory, Dick's dark lady being played by Miss Isabel Jeans with all the wealth of mannerism deemed necessary for a Millamant. I could not believe that the actor-manager with his money and name at stake would so entirely forget his great venture in real estate. Mr. Ian Hunter makes Burbage a most actual person, while Miss Jeans contributes an essay in unmitigated artifice. It is natural to wonder whether Burbage's part was not originally written for Shakespeare and then transferred by Mr. Williams when he pondered over the sad fate of dramas in which William appears. There is no play inherent in the meagre facts of Shakespeare's life; the dramatist must invent and then everybody, treasuring his own idea of Shakespeare, becomes peevishly critical. It was wise to keep the Bard behind the curtain, and Mr. Williams has prudently pushed Shakespeare to the edge of his stage. But, if the poet had gone a-wenching and had forgotten to send the text of *Twelfth Night*, the incident would have been far more persuasive; actor-managers do make fools of themselves, no doubt, but scarcely to the extent of missing their own "first night" in a new theatre.

With this piece Mr. John Gielgud, assisted by Mr. Richard Clowes, has finely entered upon management. As producer he has done brilliantly, but he should have been quicker with his blue pencil in places; doubtless certain errors of pace and length have been mended by now. It is, for the most part, a charming and a lyrical piece. The period brings its own music and "Motley's" decoration, so important a contributor to the success of *Richard of Bordeaux*, nicely catches the lyric

note. The same lilt is in Miss Joyce Bland's deliciously vernal performance as Ann Byrd. This actress has a far greater range than the average West End "lead," and can turn from the Prussian school-ma'am to be the spirited adventuress and Tudor wench with a firm control of any situation. *Spring*, 1600, ought, by rights, to be *Spring*, 1599, but the latter is a tiresome, uninviting noise, so Mr. Williams has opened the Globe Theatre a year late. The date of *Twelfth Night* is much disputed and I shall not enter the morass of Shakespearean chronology. The dramatist can fairly make his assumptions, where so little is known; his task is to justify his attack upon the fascinating theme of back-stage life in the Burbage company. In this the play is lively, plausible, and continually good to look at.

I assume Bayswater as the scene of *Birthday*. The large unprosperous London house with its hideous, "heir-loomish" furnishings, is the home of a cormorant mother who institutes a creed of "self-sacrifice" productive only of general domestic misery. Contrasted with this bourgeois prison is a neighbouring house infested by tipsy Bohemians, who even invade the prison in their cups in order to enjoy a laugh at its smugness and its bric-à-brac. The respectable daughter sees glamour in the gin-and-giggles of Bohemia, and her simplicity fascinates a nasty young novelist. Will she break loose, join this Comus and his rout, and say farewell to Mother, Home and Duty? In the end she does not and one cannot think she has missed much by her surrender. Mr. Ackland has heavily laid on his brush to the painting of character; the respectables are horrible and the "horribles" are worse. But there is always authentic observation in his work and the result is very far from being flat or futile. He has been handicapped by the use of an "apron" stage; one chief point of the play is the imprisoning atmosphere of the virtuous home; there must be a sense of confinement, of walls closing-in. Instead of that the stage opens out. Another point is that Miss Jessica Tandy, who plays the almost-truant daughter with a most sensitive sincerity, does not demonstrate great carrying-power. (Few, indeed, of our players have this quality.) She would be more effective, I think, on a smaller stage in a smaller theatre. *Birthday* may not draw, but it gave me far more entertainment than many pieces do. Should it fail to run, I trust it will not prevent the establishment of Mr. Basil Dean and his company in so handsome a theatre as the Cambridge. That house deserves an assured position on the West End map.

IVOR BROWN

NEW RUSSIAN MUSIC

WE have had the opportunity of hearing a certain amount of new Russian music in London lately; first, at one of the excellent series of concerts of contemporary music at the B.B.C. public studio under the Russian conductor Malko and, secondly, at a B.B.C. Symphony Concert, the new Prokoviev pianoforte concerto which the composer played with Bruno Walter conducting.

Prokoviev's concerto, his fifth for the pianoforte, was put to a severe test in following Mozart's G Minor symphony, which is not only one of the finest of Mozart's instrumental works, but received on this occasion a magnificent interpretation, both Bruno Walter and the B.B.C. orchestra being at their best. From the last two concerts which Bruno Walter has conducted in London I have had the impression that this fine conductor has developed and matured and must now be reckoned as among the best of our time. His performance of the "Pastoral" symphony with the London Philharmonic, was of outstanding quality throughout and far superior in my opinion to Furtwängler's performance of it with the Berlin Philharmonic on his last visit but one to London. Bruno Walker has always had a remarkable command of the technique of conducting and an exquisite sensibility; but there used to be a certain softness and sentimentality in his interpretations. From this he seems to have now got free, and while losing nothing of his sensibility and elasticity his work is much more direct and pure. Certainly his performance of the Mozart G Minor was a model of its kind and the B.B.C. Orchestra is to be congratulated for having been able to rise to such a level.

Following this the new Prokoviev pianoforte concerto seemed to be shriller, noisier and more ineffective than its predecessors. In the past Prokoviev's music has appealed to me because of its freshness, spontaneity and ingenuity. It is always primarily a musician's music, and there are passages of true lyrical expressiveness in some of his earlier work which have the charm of originality and sincerity. But there is less to please in his latest concerto than before; at least that is the effect of a first hearing of the work. It suffers as most modern music suffers from lacking any kind of beauty. It is an odd fact but a true one, that although we may find all sorts of things to admire in the best of contemporary music, it is very rare indeed to get any pleasure from it. In this respect, perhaps, it does not differ from modern art generally. Is it not true to say of the best modern productions in all spheres that pleasure, that intense pleasure which once experienced takes us back again and again to a work of art, is the one experience we do not get from our contemporaries?

Prokoviev was also represented at the B.B.C. studio concert by a suite from an opera *The Gambler* (after Doistoievsky). This Suite, in five movements, entitled "Alexis," "The Grandmother," "The General," "Paulina" and "Dénouement," contained some interesting effects and the "Dénouement" was particularly successful. It was followed by the seventh symphony of Myaskovsky, who was born in 1881 and is at present Professor of Music at the Moscow Conservatoire. His seventh symphony is played through without a break, but it resembles the older compositions of the Glazounov school; there is nothing novel in its form and its content, although rich in luscious sonorities, did not make a deep impression.

The most interesting item in the programme was the last, a Suite of four movements, made up of material taken from his opera "The Nose," by Shostakovitch. This young composer, who was born in 1906 and is therefore about twenty-seven years old, may thus be considered as completely a product of Soviet Russia. The music of this Suite is very attractive in its verve and wit. Shostakovitch has a style of his own that is very piquant and vivid. The Suite gave me the impression that the opera would be extremely entertaining; one of the most taking items was the burlesqued "Song of Ivan," which Mr. Parry Jones sang with less expression than the composer, I should imagine, intended.

But here again there was no sign of the power to create a new beauty in music. When we have allowed for a certain novelty of texture and individuality of expression, what is there in this music of Shostakovitch that is not already to be found in Richard Strauss? In fact, Shostakovitch in so far as he appears in this piece is more restricted in scope than Strauss, who can achieve a certain sentimental charm and beauty of sonority. I should also say that it is very characteristic of the present time that Shostakovitch should choose such a theme as Gogol's "The Nose" for an opera. It is only in the rather mechanical ingenuities of the comic that present-day composers seem to be at home. What is lacking in all this music is any contact with nature. Human nature is only a part of nature, and taken away from the rest of nature can only be impoverished. Also, it is only a small part of human nature which modern artists seem to be interested in and instead of being the richest part it is the meanest and most narrow part. All this reveals a drying up and shrinking of the sources of inspiration, and that is why we get so little from the works of contemporary composers. Either theirs is mere memory music, a banal rehash of the past or—as in the case of Hindermith, Prokoviev, Shostakovitch and the more interesting musical personalities—it is dry, mechanically inventive, ingenious but always arid. Never does one have the experience of a strong desire to hear

a piece again as soon as possible. For modern music has even ceased to be problematical. We understand it only too well the first time we hear it. It is impossible to shock or surprise us to any great degree any longer. The only real surprise would be to hear some new individual creation which by its perfection and inevitability made us desirous of hearing it again and repeating that strange experience as soon as possible.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Oil-painting on the Dole

The Zwemmer Galleries with their usual courage and *flair* have selected a winner from the provinces. Mr. F. Butterfield was born in Bradford of working-class parents, and until 1929 he worked in a textile factory. He learned to paint in evening classes at Bradford College of Art, and had no opportunity of studying contemporary masters except in black and white reproductions. Yet he is as modern as Braque, or as Mr. Ben Nicholson, and his technique, if not faultless, is exceedingly good.

At 28 he has achieved a three-dimensional design, *Garden*, which is astonishingly mature: it has the richness of a Mark Gertler with the decorative austerity of a Paul Nash. Nothing could be added to this picture and nothing taken away without destroying its balance, its simplicity and its suggestiveness. *Around Montgomerie*, also vigorous in conception, shows the delicacy of Mr. Butterfield's technique. His still-lifes are weaker than his landscapes, but most of his figure compositions are fresh and interesting. Unless he continues to work hard at drawing and design Mr. Butterfield is in some danger from the involutions which the "intestinal" school of painting (to use Mr. Aldous Huxley's unflattering adjective) might impose upon an unsophisticated imagination which is subtle as well as daring, but as a colourist he is probably safe from all the schools, having worked out his own palette in response to his imaginative needs.

"Ballets Jooss"

Mr. C. B. Cochran has brought back the Ballets Jooss for a season at the Gaiety Theatre, and those who did not have an opportunity to see Mr. Kurt Jooss's remarkable political satire, *The Green Table* (*La Table Verte*), may now do so, for this ballet remains in the repertory. It is also, on the whole, the most interesting of the Jooss ballets, being a completely successful application of Mr. Jooss's mimetic methods. Such a ballet as *Impressions of a Big City*, on the other hand, is too scrappy in design, and since it fails to make a distinct satirical impression one becomes aware of the lack of other qualities; for example, of the lack of distinction in the dancing, the miming and the décor.

It is on the visual side that the Ballets Jooss are weakest. They offer nothing or next to nothing to the eye, especially to an eye made avid of visual effect by the work of Diaghilev. This lack of beauty in the décor and in the dancing will in my opinion prevent the Ballets Jooss from achieving anything like the popularity of the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo in which the tradition of Diaghilev is continued. Another new ballet presented by Mr. Kurt Jooss was *The Seven Heroes*, based on the fairy tale of the Brothers Grimm, with music arranged from Purcell by Mr. Cohen, the musical collaborator. In spite of some excellent mimetic effects—such as the fear of the brothers before the monster—this is not a ballet which one would want to go and see again. In this it resembles all the work of Mr. Kurt Jooss. Too much always depends upon novelty and the ingenuity of the idea, and once the effect of novelty has worn off one is left with too little of permanent satisfaction. One has been momentarily amused, but not enchanted, and since everything is obvious and on the surface it is most likely that the bulk of the work of the Ballets Jooss would prove rather boring than otherwise on a second view.

"Lilla."

Naomi Royde-Smith's play, which the Croydon Repertory Theatre has been doing this week, wakes up after a rather dreary first act to a really comic situation. Lilla, a nice girl of Walham Green with a nice young man, finds herself deputising as professional co-respondent with a warm-hearted lord, and the business of collecting evidence to satisfy the owl-eyed law (for a moment one's heart sinks at the prospect of misplaced propaganda) becomes highly unconventional and diverting. Lilla glimpses higher life, where gentlemen light your cigarette and do their best to understand manners that are unfamiliar to them. She returns home through the fog with bright eyes, and from then on the nice young man has a lot to put up with, but he wins through in the end by sympathy and understanding. It is tenderly, almost affectionately, written; so much so that the comedy is a little suppressed. The author's sense of character prevents the story from becoming too thin and gushing, but it is a pity the second act comedy, full of possibilities, is not developed further. Miss Thea Holme and Mr. Alan Napier act it so well that it almost wrecks the play. Elsewhere the humour only sparkles occasionally, and in places the pathos is too heavy-handed, but *Lilla* definitely has its moments, and the Croydon players have made the most of them.

"The Invisible Man" : *Tivoli*

One of the gloomiest things about Hollywood is their childlike bafflement in the face of anything but the Hollywood story. Here we have something in which broad comedy should be mixed with terror, the secret of the mixture being that the whole must be presented with the most unlaboured, but complete, realism. Only then can the phenomenon of invisibility assume its full force. Instead of naturalness, however, there is the landlady who overacts to the point of folly; unbelievable policemen whose helmets seem to be falling off backwards; English pubs with barrels marked Rye and Cognac; dough snow, and, finally, the grotesquely ponderous love story. Nevertheless, the film is worth seeing during certain moments, all of them when the invisible man is on the screen, and most of them because of their technical ingenuity. The astonishing first removal of the bandages is one, and the superb incident of the apparently riderless bicycle is another.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, February 10th—
- Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
- Rugby Football, Royal Navy *v.* Royal Air Force, Twickenham.
- Harold Samuel, Wigmore Hall, 3.
- Song Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, February 11th—
- Gerald Heard on "Ethics and Guidance," Conway Hall, 11.
- Film Society, Tivoli, 2.30.
- Arthur Rubinstein, Palladium, 3.15.
- L. H. Ashley on "The Douglas System of Credit," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
- L. Anderson Fenn on "What of the Professional Classes," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.45.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12th—
- "Hatter's Castle," Theatre Royal, Windsor.
- "Elijah," Albert Hall, 8.
- London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Ernest Bloch, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

TUESDAY, February 13th—
- Ernst Toller on "Masses and Men and the Problem of Non-violence," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- G. P. Gooch on "The Outlook in Europe," Kensington Town Hall, 5.30.
- John Strachey on "Communism," Morley College, 8.
- Dr. E. Graham Howe on "Law and the Child," Friends House, Euston Road, 5.45.
- Fitzwater Wray on "The Devil: In Fact and Fancy," Conway Hall, 7.
- Prof. C. D. Broad on "Determinism, Indeterminism and Freedom," University College, Gower Street, 8.15.
- Sonia Alomis and Alexander Asro in "Der Meschugener Batlen," "Di Drei Matones" and "Grüne Felder," Scala Theatre, 8.

WEDNESDAY, February 14th—
- Lecture by James Laver on "Women in Satiric Verse," in aid of the London Child Guidance Clinic, 10 Downing Street, 5.30.
- E. F. Carritt and J. D. Bernal on "Dialectical Materialism," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 8.15.

THURSDAY, February 15th—
- Prof. A. Toynbee on "The German Revolution," Bedford College, 5.15.
- Sir John Marriott on "Problems of the Modern State," University of London, Imperial Institute Road, South Kensington, 5.30.
- Stuart Hodgson on "The Press," Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell Street, 7.30.
- C. E. Clift on "The Right of Rebellion," Conway Hall, 7.30.
- F. W. Leggett on "Trades Boards," Morley College, 8.
- Miss Barbara Low on "Brothers and Sisters," 36 Gloucester Place, 8.30.
- Royal Philharmonic Society, Chamber Music Concert, Aeolian Hall, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

USUALLY big, burly or knobbly, there are some men who always raise their voices when they come under a strange roof; if one happens to be upstairs when the door is opened, one hears a deep, loud booming as though the tide had come over the sea-wall and was breaking at the foot of the stairs. The shouting of greetings goes on for a bit after one has gone down, until the visitor, by stamping his feet, knocking into the hat-stand, filling and lighting his pipe and scattering tobacco and matches, has demonstrated to everybody's satisfaction that he is a man, a very masculine, or anyhow, a very clumsy man. Then he sits down, accepts a drink, and sometimes reveals that he is very charming, very intelligent, and very sensitive to other people's feelings. His noisy entrance, his wilful clumsiness, turn out to have been the celebration of a curious ritual of male self-respect comparable to that practised by male dogs when they meet each other at lamp-posts. There are many people who like this sort of demonstration. Women often find it sexually attractive and men enjoy the comfortable fellow-feeling that another man is roaring and banging and showing his contempt for those objects held sacred by women, the tables and chairs. Such persons, no doubt, immensely admire Ernest Hemingway for quite wrong and superficial reasons—for his literary manner is all too frequently an exact equivalent of what I have been describing. Other persons, who find such manners as distasteful as soft Persian cats find the company of strange dogs, may dislike and utterly reject Hemingway's work because of this, which is about as stupid as to refuse to look at pictures because one dislikes the smell of oil-paint. The people who do not read Hemingway for this reason can be left out of account, since they care more for peace and quietness than they do for literature—but the people who like him for the wrong reasons are a nuisance, since they often stop liking him just when they ought to begin. In his first volume of stories, Hemingway employed a deliberately heavy, over-weighted manner by which he continually suggested to the reader: "I'm a plain, hearty fellow, given to blood sports; you can't expect me to be articulate." There was never, of course, such nonsense. The fact of his book's existence contradicted such a pose which is comparable in affectation to its opposite: the aestheticism of the 'nineties. However, his immense originality and solidity blinded most readers of his early stories, *In Our Time*, to this defect and he himself was almost the first to point it out in the *Torrents of Spring*, a parody of Sherwood Anderson's *Dark Laughter*, which was just as much a parody of himself. His next book of stories, *Men Without Women*, was free, or almost free, from this affectation—and the stories themselves were far finer. *The Undefeated*, *The Killers*, *Fifty Grand* and *A Pursuit Race* rank, in my opinion, with the very finest stories written in recent times. From the earlier book there is only one story on the same level—the description of meeting the half-insane ex-pugilist in the woods in company with a negro who is looking after him. Otherwise *In Our Time* was definitely inferior. It is therefore almost incredible that in his latest volume, *Winner Take Nothing* (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*), Hemingway should have at moments reverted to the early heavy manner which seems actually preposterous now that we have read the *Torrents of Spring*. The most charitable explanation is that a few early stories have been stuck in here to fill up the book.

* * *

But what is the explanation of Hemingway's manner? Every writer has to simplify and the teleological explanation of all literary mannerisms is that they serve the writer's need to reduce the amount of his raw material. The ideal artist who can employ at will all manners and all styles, would select the one which was most suitable for his particular subject—just as a photographer would choose stops, apertures and colour screens. Indeed, the literary manner or style of a writer is just that: a colour screen which lets through only that aspect of reality with which he is concerned. But no writer has ideal flexibility and his mannerisms are usually adopted not to bring out everything in his subject, but to protect himself. He has to filter reality so as to bring it within his own personal range. And I imagine that Hemingway's pose is adopted because he is almost hysterically wrought up. Everything has to be reduced to its simplest possible form. "I'm fine: you're fine: fishing's fine: that trout looks fine." Only by limiting himself to statements of that order can the shell-shocked man hold on to life at all. If he tries to say more he will start screaming. I am not suggesting by this that Hemingway is himself actually a shell-shock case. But he has such an extraordinary understanding of the state of mind that one may fairly guess he has a temperamental affinity with it. And by his whole attitude to life I think he has developed a permanent method of self-protection from the state described in one of the best of these stories, *A Way You'll Never Be*, which is the finest picture of shell-shock that I've read. The other explanation of his heartiness and violence is that he is terribly afraid of being sentimental. This almost invariably is the reason for heartiness which is believed to hide sentimentality or somehow to nip it in the bud. Actually it does nothing of the kind: it shows it up and the streaks of sentimentality in Hemingway catch the light like drops of moisture on the surface of a rough tweed. There is really no way to cover up sentimentality. The best thing is just to leave it and trust to the reader remembering that everyone is human and a writer's faults have to be forgiven.

* * *

Winner Take Nothing is certainly a disappointing collection but we have to be grateful for what our favourite artists give us. So here we have to be grateful for several things. First in merit is a picture of our old friend, Nick Adams, driving through the country and thinking first of shooting quail and then of his father who could see literally as the eagle sees and who taught him to fish and to shoot and "was as sound on those two things as he was unsound on sex, for instance." And from there he falls back into the memory of his own sexual awakening with an Ojibway Indian girl with whom he went out hunting. He sits with her and her brother watching for a black squirrel to move and at last the Indian boy goes off, leaving them alone lying on the hemlock needles. But this reverie is interrupted by his own son, who is sitting forgotten in the car beside him:

> "But tell me what they were like."
> "They were Ojibways," Nick said. "And they were very nice."
> "But what were they like to be with?"
> "It's hard to say," Nick Adams said. Could you say she did first what no one has ever done better and mention plump brown legs, flat belly, hard little breasts, well-holding arms, quick searching tongue, the flat eyes, the good taste of the mouth, then uncomfortably, tightly, sweetly, moistly, tightly, achingly, fully, finally, unendingly, never-endingly, never-to-endingly, suddenly ended, the great bird flown like an owl in the twilight, only it was daylight in the woods and hemlock needles stuck against your belly.

And all he can say is:

> "You might not like them," Nick said to the boy. "But I think you would."

And the hopelessness of communication between the generations, the common-sense, common-place taboo divides Nick and his son. Some readers may find a touch of sentimentality here; I find only extreme vividness and extreme beauty. Hemingway seems to me to be like a Dutch painter: a master of still life who is at his best in pictures of game and birds, and in describing the things that he has actually seen with his own eyes. His weakness is in dramatic effects. Thus the sunk liner lying under the water is vivid and real, but the scene which leads up to finding it is affected. But every one of these stories has something beautiful in it for which one must be grateful.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Eva Gay. By EVELYN SCOTT. *Dickson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
The Salzburg Tales. By CHRISTINA STEAD. *Davies.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
A Modern Tragedy. By PHYLLIS BENTLEY. *Gollancez.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Death of Henrietta. By LORNA M. ARMISTEAD. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Meet No Angels. By WILLIAM VAUGHAN. *Chatto.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Work of Art. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Evelyn Scott is a talented American writer, but she is a bad novelist. I have read one good book by her, an autobiography entitled *Escapade*. The autobiography provides a legitimate outlet for her intense, tortured sensibility. She belongs to what may be called the "personal" school of writers; there is no humility or self-effacement before her subject, but the self possesses it like an endless neuralgia ache. The persons and drama in a novel written from such a temperament cannot ever have universality; they will be monotonously distorted, the marionettes of a personal suffering, not the creatures of a universal and ideal woe. I do not know whether *Eva Gay* is autobiographical; but it is leaden-footed with the details of personal agonies. And like those who tell one the story of their unhappy love affairs, Miss Scott is utterly devoid of humour and sense of proportion.

To the personal writer every twinge is significant; there can be no such thing as the irrelevant, and art—requiring suppressions—is unconsciously abandoned.

Three-quarters of the way through the 800 pages of the sufferings of the misunderstood and undoubtedly misunderstanding Eva, occurs the artless hint that, perhaps, one of these days, she will write it all down. And so she aches through her American childhood to a long sexual odyssey round the world. The first hundred pages were worth writing, the remaining 700 tell nothing which could not have been said in less than half that length.

After the cosmic worrying of Miss Scott it is hard to adjust the eye to Miss Stead's miniatures. Her method is the not original one of bringing an odd collection of people together in picturesque circumstances—in this case they are tourists "doing" the Salzburg festival—and making them beguile their time by telling stories. And most of the stories have a familiar ring. Where has one read this of Don Juan faced in the arena of Seville with the Commander disguised as a bull? What other variations has one read of the theme of the golden statue of the dead bride, which came to life and sought her husband in the grave? There are the legend of the youth, who, lost in the cave of St. Patrick on Loch Derg, came upon the land of the dead; the tale of Svend, the Dane, to whom death came as an old woman, the story of the châtelaine who was got with child by a serf. Even that fantasy of the Jew who became a dray horse after his death seems like a teasing echo. To tease is part of Miss Stead's art. She is a skilful embroiderer of tales and stealer of manners, and her artifices interest her more than narration. One is not moved by her tragic stories nor made cold by the macabre. At least, one is not greatly moved and the blood does not run very cold. The interest is on the whole less in the stories (which sometimes are only cunning catalogues of events) than in the intensely original commentary of the catalogue. Miss Stead rolls words and phrases on her tongue with wit and relish. A Chaucerian merriness of phrase and a fine flourish of shrewd or fantastic images are her qualities. Her pen ripples in and out of events like an ingenious needle, and if she is still restless between her own and other people's literary manners the effect is not displeasing. This is one of her manners:

> But there was a German student who had travelled with them from Innsbruck: not a fair, lantern-jawed, blue-eyed youth, such as they all were, but one with a chubby face and red cheeks and fine manners, who raised women's hands to his lips when he saluted them. He was a student of Philosophy. He squirmed with delight at the sight of a little bit of tracery in a clerestory, and went into fits at the counterpoint of Brahms; he had the sententiousness of a cherub when he declared *El Greco* was a *back number*, and the tricks of a water-spaniel in the water when he sang from Richard Strauss's opera. He loved singing, and he had a mild will but absolute judgment.

Quaint stuff, but there is spirit in it.

The worthy North Country cloth weavers of Miss Phyllis Bentley are too plain and homely for such graces. She is sometimes called a dull novelist when her limitation is her insensitiveness and her handicap a very commonplace prose style. But few novelists who rise to greater heights in the traditional novel form are her equal in the art of putting a novel together. The timing of her episodes is always admirably managed. *A Modern Tragedy*—the story of the genesis, rise and fall of a fraudulent company—is misnamed. Miss Bentley does not see beyond conventional and local moral criteria. She merely generalises about the industrial slump, and although there is plenty of opposition amongst her characters—between, for instance, the weak young man and the astute swindler who uses him, between the swindler and the established and honest firms—there is no real conflict. The good and the good are not opposed, for Miss Bentley sees her men and women chiefly in the superficial terms of the likeable and well-meaning. For a moment I thought that she had seen the light when she made the honest Rosamond, a school teacher, sway before the temptations of Leonard Tasker, who is the swindler, but that light seemed to Miss Bentley moral darkness, and she fled. In her earlier books I do not think she ran away so easily.

A Modern Tragedy, indeed, stresses her weaknesses. She can still draw a hard, rich, selfish young woman well, but her men are façades. Tasker, for all the appreciation of his shrewdness, is the congenital strong man, and the young man is absurdly hysterical. Take away this embarrassing romanticism, and an over-riding tutorial manner, forget the epilogue, which is an unusual error of her constructive judgment, and we are left with a theme and background which are managed with knowledge, assurance and resource. She is one of the few English novelists who have had the courage or the information to write about industrial life, and she does so with considerable competence.

She comes to grips with her subject even when she stops at grip. Miss Armistead never comes to grips. A lover of atmosphere, a pronouncer of foreboding, dark with hints of unhappy histories and future woe, she becomes increasingly paralysed as crisis draws near and then skips it altogether. Nothing is stated. All must be inferred. A professor, married to a calm wife out of a tobacconist's shop, is made to resign his chair because of mental instability. He, his wife and two children, retire to a bleak house in the fells, the scene of a bitter feud in his family. Memories and gossip force them to live apart from their neighbours and the children become strange. Indeed, every character is strange with the conventional strangeness of types in novels. The domineering and embittered old lady who is their landlord is a type; her two grandsons—the sensual one with the whip, the brooding one with his sheep on the

Everywhere you go

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

fells—are types; Simon, the sullen and intelligent child, is a type, and so is Rita, his agonised sister. The inability of the author to make these types act—she can make them suffer, brood and torture themselves—has also affected their conversation. They rarely speak a finished sentence.

In Miss Armistead the desire to convey black foreboding has become congested. Yet her story is a good one if it could be unearthed. She can draw vivid pictures. One walks through her scenes pestered by her characters as if they were tiresome literary flies, but the memory of the scene remains.

Meet No Angels is as crude a joke about the rutting and pot-house season among the masters and mistresses of a preparatory school as I have ever come across. I don't grudge a novelist his bit of fun with the girls, and I am sure the Methodists are all wrong about barmaids, but I should be glad to know why the author threw these too, too cheerful pages into a heap and called the result a novel. A pot-boiler from Mr. Sinclair Lewis reports on the question, What is an artist? Is he the hotel keeper, devoted to the life-long task of making a perfect hotel or is he the fraudulent highbrow brother who sponges on him? Reading Mr. Lewis is like reading a department store catalogue with the wireless turned on. Hard, sardonic, bright and copious, he sells everything. All his novels are the low-down on their subject. Here is the low-down on art and hotels.

V. S. PRITCHETT

LONG LIFE TO ST. CHARLES

The Frolic and the Gentle: a Study of Charles Lamb. By A. C. WARD. *Methuen.* 6*s.*

At the Shrine of St. Charles. By E. V. LUCAS. *Methuen.* 5*s.*

Mr. Ward's title is surprisingly and unsuitably chosen. First, Lamb dead would surely have objected to being called by Wordsworth "the frolic and the gentle" as vehemently as Lamb living—Mr. Ward quotes it—to Coleridge's "gentle-hearted." In passing, one must object to the unjust and exaggerated tone of Mr. Ward's critical remarks on Coleridge. However unfortunate he may be in his personal dislike, it is more to the point here to remember and to make credible Lamb's devotion.

Secondly, in this centenary study, Mr. Ward has wisely and on the whole justly, set out to make an impartial examination of Lamb's life and writings, to analyse rather then to laud. He is particularly good in the first part of the book which deals with the man. He remarks the probability that "if we could be transported to one of his famous weekly parties we should 'like' him less . . . than we do . . . in the pages of *Elia*, where his oddity is united with a picturesque quaintness and his boisterousness with whimsicality." Indeed, at that Immortal Dinner at Haydon's, Lamb does not show up particularly well. Mr. Ward treats the relationship of brother and sister with refreshing originality when he mentions that Mary, "in dealing with her brother . . . had, assuredly, to cope with many of the problems of a long-suffering wife." At the same time, the whole figure that emerges is an agreeable and sympathetic one.

In the criticism of Lamb's works Mr. Ward tends to be heavy-handed. Little of the verse, plays and early prose is worth remembering, and accumulated instances of Lamb's lack of poetic ear leave one in a dead end. The question of Lamb's poetic sense arises more significantly with regard to his criticism. Here it is stated and shown convincingly that in both literature and painting it was subject rather than treatment that made or marred a work of art for Lamb. Mr. Ward might have quoted some of the critical remarks from the letters, as that "On the whole, one day I expect Southey to rival Milton," which should more generally than is the case have thrown mistrust upon the basis of his judgments and appreciations. When people were the subject, however, Lamb's critical faculties were rarely at fault, as the vitality of characters like Captain Jackson, Mrs. Battle and the rest bears witness. They are revealed objectively; subjectively, he is equally convincing with Elia, whom many people have been content to identify with Lamb himself. Perhaps it is because, in fact, Elia is not a whole person that it is hard to be detached and analytical about him and his essays. To declare that "Old China" "represents the perfection of the Elia technique," and to describe its contents, in no way conveys the quality of the essay. The suggestion that the parenthetical style reflects the stammer in Lamb's speech is interesting; Mr. Ward might have noticed, however, how subtly Lamb's manner follows the matter, how in "The Wedding," a subject that might have been treated by the *Spectator*, he falls into the style of Steele, and there is hardly a parenthesis a page.

For the safety of the general reader, *The Frolic and the Gentle* should be bound together with the text of the letters and essays, but its independence of judgment makes it a welcome addition to Lamb literature. The index is excellent and the book, in spite of its very moderate length, contains several unusual fragments of information. It is good to learn that Miss Benje's real name was Benger, and that the friendship between Lamb and Munden was a very practical one.

The spiritual Autolycus, however, is, of course, Mr. Lucas. He only need open this book who is already a declared Elian and for whom no trifle connected with Lamb or his friends should ever be unconsidered. From these "stray papers" he will glean facts of delightful interest: as, that Lamb liked turnips; that—strong-minded humorist—he did not laugh at his own jokes; that in 1814 he weighed, in his boots, 9 stone 3 lb. A more serious paper, *The Evolution of Whimsicality*, is less successful; the literary ancestry traced for Lamb is not convincing, nor are the suppositions of much interest *per se*. The other complaint to be made about this book is again in connection with Coleridge. It is surely a misstatement to describe Crabb Robinson, a man of no creative authority, rather than Coleridge as doing "more than any Englishman to introduce the German thinkers and poets to this country's attention." One wonders at finding no mention in either of these books of the correct pronunciation of "Elia." Lamb himself wrote to his editor "Call him Ellia," and although it is now too late for the bidding to be heeded, yet the mention would have been pious. Mr. Lucas's book, with its four charming illustrations—one of them, the very "winged horse" of the "Old Benchers" essay—is an engaging one and its last paper is stimulating. The reader, seeing what essays are proposed as the favourite, is impelled to consider which one he himself in the last resort would be compelled to keep. Finally he realises that, when analysis has done its part, yet "it is the exquisite secret of Elia (as of Johnson) that every reader must discover him for himself, and think himself alone in the discovery."

E. B. STURGIS

HEINE

Heinrich Heine. A Life between Past and Future. By LUDWIG MARCUSE. Translated by L. MARIE SIEVEKING and IAN F. D. MORROW. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Florentine Nights. Translated by FREDERICK CARTER. *Howe.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

How does Heine stand in modern Germany? What posthumous indignities have been reserved by the henchmen of Dr. Goebbels for the poet who was not only a Jew, both on his mother's and his father's side, and a harsh critic of German institutions, but an expatriate who found his spiritual home in Paris? "I hate everything German . . . ." he wrote from Berlin. "The German language tortures my ears. My own poems sometimes disgust me when I realise that they are written in German. Even writing this note makes me feel ill because the German characters get on my nerves. *Je n'aurais jamais cru que ces bêtes qu'on nomme allemands, soient une race si ennuyante et malicieuse en même temps. . . .*" No wonder that, during his lifetime, particularly after he had accepted a small pension from the French Government, such epithets as "renegade," "infamous adventurer" and many others, were heaped on his proud but sensitive head. Heine loved Germany, but he also hated it. He loved and reverenced his Jewish background; but there were moments when no professional anti-Semite could have surpassed him in his violent abuse of Judaism. He loved democracy, but he gibed at its exponents. Herr Marcuse, himself a Jew and the author of a new critical and biographical study of the poet's life, has done his best to disengage the somewhat involved thread of Heine's "thought" from a labyrinth of apparent contradictions; he attempts to illustrate the growth of Heine's mind and give us a glimpse of the surroundings amid which it developed.

In the last respect, it must be admitted, he is extremely successful. Indeed, the chief objection to this learned and elaborate biography is that, for every one page devoted to Heine and his poems and prose-writings, it contains at least a dozen, describing his period, the revolutionary conflicts that it let loose, and the various public figures who may be supposed to have had some influence on Heine's point of view. Thus, half-way through the book, Herr Marcuse breaks off to write an entire chapter on the Saint-Simonian movement, as it was first introduced by the comte de Saint-Simon, and it was subsequently enlarged and

travestied by his disciples, Bazard, ex-leader of the Carbonari, and that engaging and imaginative fanatic, Enfantin, self-styled "Father of Mankind." The interlude is picturesque, but seems irrelevant; the reader who comes to Herr Marcuse, hoping for some succinct and easily digested information about Heine and the books he composed and the life he lived, will be obliged to hunt down the poet's story through a condensed account of early nineteenth-century radicalism. And were Heine's political convictions really important? So much is talked and written about the political and social beliefs expressed by famous authors, as though the importance of these beliefs were in some way connected with the value of their more strictly creative work. Heine, after all, was a lukewarm democrat. The man who supported life on a subsidy from his uncle, a rich Hamburg merchant, and who accepted the largesse of Baron James von Rothschild—the original of Balzac's Baron Nucingen—while ridiculing the financier before his guests, was not of the stuff of which political heroes are made. He was too essentially the literary hedonist, said an enraged demagogue—"the fall of a rose-petal disturbed his sleep"—to lie at ease on "the knotty bed of freedom."

Heine replied with characteristic irony. "We are founding a democracy of the gods, all equally holy, blessed and glorious. You desire simple clothing, ascetic morals, and unseasoned enjoyments; we, on the contrary, desire nectar and ambrosia, purple mantles, costly perfumes . . . dances of laughing nymphs, music and plays. Do not be angry, you virtuous republicans; we answer all your reproaches in the words of one of Shakespeare's fools: 'Dost thou think that because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?'" A life without seasoning was not for Heine; his career, at all events in its earlier and more light-hearted stages, was yet another exemplification of the fact that a great deal of idleness and not a little frivolity and expense of spirit may be required to bring literary talent to birth. Idleness is often the glass-house where genius ripens. Had Heine been the virtuous and high-minded democrat that, in Börne's opinion, he was not, would he have composed the lyric poems (which Herr Marcuse mentions, but does not attempt to analyse or describe) and given us *Reisebilder* or *Florentine Nights*?

And surely, than *Florentine Nights*, few more delightful and unforgettable prose-fantasies have ever left a poet's brain? Like all good fantasies, this strange and episodic narrative—a long, intricate monologue, or autobiographical fairy-story, told by the narrator to a sick woman whom he is trying to amuse—seems to possess its own interior justification. It belongs to a dream-world within the mind; from pictures of his youth, Maximilian passes to a reminiscence of the cherubic Bellini, with his curls, his melancholy and his languid air, and thence to a portrait of the satanic Paganini, ash-coloured, cadaverous, the violinist whose consummate and uncanny skill seemed the brilliant but damning evidence of an infernal compact. The final episode, however, is yet more vivid; from her first appearance, when she is discovered as a young girl dancing among a group of foreign street-musicians on Waterloo Bridge, to her reappearance many years later, as the wife of an old Napoleonic general, Mademoiselle Laurence dominates the narrative. She is the embodiment of frigid and heartless charm. In Mademoiselle Laurence, whose beauty hides an undertone of cruelty and whose freshness a hint of cold perversity—"la douceur qui fascine et le plaisir qui tue"—the romanticism of the 'thirties is curiously epitomised. Heine, the friend of Gautier and Gérard de Nerval—like Gérard, he was the victim of a hopeless passion, his thwarted love for a green-eyed cousin, Amalie Heine—here personifies the *morbidezza* of the Romantic temperament.

Over Heine, as over Nerval, hung the shadow of death. *Florentine Nights* was published in 1837. During the next eleven years, illness weighed more and more heavily on Heine's spirit; till in 1848, while Paris was in the throes of revolution, he crossed his threshold as an ordinary man for the last time. On foot, he dragged himself to the deserted Louvre; and there, beneath the pedestal of an armless statue, "the goddess of beauty, our dear lady of Milo," the symbol of all that he was leaving behind him, he sat face to face with what the future had in store. Eight years of suffering were still to come; on a huge pile of mattresses, in an attic room loud with the scolding or laughing voice of Mathilde, the Parisian shop-girl whom he had married in 1841, now a fat, vivacious, vulgar, affectionate housewife, he resigned himself to the steady encroachment of his disease. He resembled, said Berlioz, who often visited him—many of his early friends were forgetful or faithless—a man who surveyed life from the window of his tomb.

ECONOMIC PLANNING

Plan or No Plan. Mrs. BARBARA WOOTTON. *Gollancz.* 5s.

The economics of Socialism are so little worked out that it is not easy for the trained economist to take the plunge into acceptance of Socialism. It is nearly as difficult as it was for a Plymouth Brother to be a scientific naturalist in the nineteenth century. Socialism has, it is true, the Omphalos-theory of under-consumption. But if, like Mrs. Wootton, one cannot find in this theory a reconciliation of one's aspirations towards social justice with one's need for intellectual satisfaction what is one to do? The answer is, undoubtedly, to read Mrs. Wootton's book. It is amazingly good; it tackles the orthodox economist on his own ground and in his own terms, dealing faithfully with equilibrium-worshippers and hidden-handers no less than with the utopians of the extreme left. Her analysis of the Unplanned Economy, its possibilities and weaknesses, is so excellent that one doubts if it could ever be done better; completely untechnical and yet almost everywhere unexceptionable in its theory, combining the clear and sympathetic exposition of the practised lecturer with the gusto of the keen student. Most of these merits are, indeed, common to the whole book; and throughout its pages the reader feels himself in contact with an intellect both lively and scrupulously honest. The result is, without qualification, a treat.

That is not to say that orthodox economists must, if they are themselves to be intellectually honest, immediately feel a conviction of sin on reading *Plan or No Plan*. Mrs. Wootton's attack on the Unplanned Economy follows two main lines. On the one hand she points out the distortion of prices as a guide to comparative pains and pleasures by the inequality of incomes, on the other hand she indicates what she calls the "centrifugal tendency" arising from the divergence of interests between groups who benefit by the scarcity of their own produce and the plenty of other people's, and between individuals who benefit by high output from their own factories and low output from those of their competitors. To the first of these counts the orthodox economist will probably have nothing to say. He will retire into a shell of solipsism where he may as well be left. But on the second, one can hardly help

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agreeing with him that Mrs. Wootton is trying to prove too much. She over-estimates the practicability and power of monopolies, and she erects into a force of disruption that very expansion of production which she had noted a few pages earlier as the normal form of economic progress. But the argument is quite strong enough without that; one does not need to believe that crises result from entrepreneurs' miscalculations in order to reject the orthodox identification of economic equilibrium with the economic optimum, or to recognise the wide difference between the most adaptable of actual modern economies and the ideally flexible system demanded by *laisser faire* economics.

The section on the Planned Economy, which covers an account of the Russian experiment in its various phases and discussion of the practical possibilities of planning in Great Britain, is equally stimulating, delightfully written and full of good things. It does not, however, give quite such an impression of logical completeness, passing as it does from the analytical to the descriptive and speculative. Readers hoping to find here an account of Socialist economics, as surely, clearly and authoritatively drawn up as that of the unplanned economy in the earlier chapters, will feel some disappointment, for there are undoubtedly some loose ends still hanging out. Mrs. Wootton disagrees with Mr. H. D. Dickinson about the possibility of an equilibrium rate of interest under Socialism, and makes her point, cogently enough, in a footnote. But how serious is this indeterminacy? Will miscalculations lead to crisis? If so, why? There is no answer. Possibly the only answer is "It all depends." The fact is that the economics of Socialism are not yet worked out; Mrs. Wootton's chapters give a clear picture of certain issues, and that is the best that can be expected for the present. Altogether this is a book which no Socialist, nor for that matter anti-Socialist, should miss.

ECONOMIST

GARDENER AND DIARIST

John Evelyn. By ARTHUR PONSONBY. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

John Evelyn was, by temperament, happily endowed. To have spent a long life in the public service—and that during the latter half of the seventeenth century—without ever coming into serious conflict with the impassioned and opposing views of Roundhead and Cavalier, of Protestant and Catholic, to have avoided the reproach of time-serving and yet to have maintained himself in a sturdy independence, indicates a sobriety and largeness of character that, admirable at all times, seems to have been exceedingly rare in that age of official corruption and wholesale bribery. It was not that he was without a political ideology. He was a staunch royalist who made no secret of his sentiments; yet he can only record by way of persecution for his translation *Of Liberty and Servitude* that he "was like to be called in question by the Rebells for this book, being published a few days before His Majesty's decollation." The truth was that his multifarious interests left him little time, even if he had had the inclination, for the gossip and intrigue of Whitehall, for the necessary courting of favourites and mistresses, without which no measure of political importance could hope to have a hearing. But if he did no more than to keep in touch with the Court, he may truly be said to have had a finger in almost every other pie.

> In 1662, he was appointed one of the Commissioners for reforming the buildings, ways, streets and encumbrances and regulating the hackney coaches in the City of London. . . . At the same time he was a Commissioner "with divers Bishops and Lords of the Council" to enquire into "Charitable Uses," and in the same year he was on the Commission of Sewers as well as on the Commission for regulating the Mint. But it was his duties as Commissioner for the Sick and Wounded Prisoners of War to which he devoted time and pains for some years—"a very troublesome and sad employment"—which involved a great sacrifice of his leisure and much travelling and inconvenience.

But this is far from being a full list of even his official duties. As an interested layman he was continually in and out of Lambeth Palace, and one of his most intimate friends was Jeremy Taylor. After the Fire (and before it) his advice was sought on the rebuilding of the City; and in company with Sir Christopher Wren he laid the foundation stone of St. Paul's. He was a discerning and influential patron of the arts and, as Lord Ponsonby rightly emphasises, one of the most important events in Evelyn's career was the discovery of Grinling Gibbons whom he recommended successfully to Charles's notice. He was a scholar, a bibliophile, a Fellow of the Royal Society. Indeed, it is a miracle that he should have found time for the two occupations for which he is remembered. Until the early years of the nineteenth century he was known only for his works on arboriculture. His *Sylva* was several times republished, and was so popular that its author was familiarly referred to as "Sylva" Evelyn. (It is possible that when Dr. Johnson urged Boswell to plant trees he had Evelyn's work in mind.) His advice was in great demand with regard to the laying out of gardens. This accounts for much of his travelling and, one feels, for much of his entertaining at Sayes Court, which was renowned for the use he made of trees and for a famous holly hedge. Peter the Great, once a tenant of Evelyn's, amused himself by being pushed through this hedge in a wheelbarrow—but it appears that the *holly* was not much damaged by this barbarous pastime. The *Diary* has remained popular from its first (abridged) publication in 1825, but apart from introductions to his works no biography of the diarist has yet appeared.

Evelyn is more than fortunate in his first biographer. Lord Ponsonby, himself an expert on British diarists and a great gardener, has written a book which, from every angle, can be taken as a model of what a biography should be. While his text is not littered with irrelevant quotations from the *Diary*, an adequate summary of Evelyn's style and standing as a diarist is not omitted. A large part of a biographer's duty is the frame in which his portrait is to hang; and Lord Ponsonby's invaluable chapters on Evelyn's friends and his relations with Pepys reveal him as a scholar and student of the period. Throughout the book he is dispassionate alike in praise and blame; and he does not seek to magnify the importance of the diarist by detracting from the merits of his greater contemporaries or by minimising the value of their achievements. He realises that Evelyn, as a diarist, is unsatisfactory. He had two very serious faults: he was not particularly interested in other people, nor in his own personal reactions to them. He was, from first to last, thoroughly objective. His friendships could almost always be traced to common interests, and his judgments of character depended, in many instances, on the extent and management of a garden. Lord Ponsonby, while admiring, deplores Evelyn's innumerable occupations and hobbies, because they frittered away valuable time which he might so much better have spent in writing a fuller diary or on some great work of horticulture. Pepys and Evelyn between them present a detailed picture of an age of revolution. While the former is mainly read for the psychological study of an egocentric, the latter—though far less exciting—is as historically important for the light he throws on contemporary learning and the pursuits of a country gentleman. It remains to be said that Lord Ponsonby's biography is as readable as it is important, and that it deserves a permanent place in every future edition of Evelyn's works.

RICHARD STRACHEY

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Queen Elizabeth. By J. E. NEALE. *Cape.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Something very interesting must be happening to English history when a historian with the reputation of Professor Neale writes so enjoyable a book as *Queen Elizabeth*. He has long been recognised as one of the best of the "scientific" historians, which means, as a rule, historians who research with admirable industry into the more obscure minutiae of the unknown and treat with contempt those who venture opinions about the broad significance of historical events. We knew that he had a trenchant pen; his papers in learned journals settled with devastating finality certain detailed points about constitutional procedure in the sixteenth century and castigated with the authority of true learning charlatans who had been unwise enough to stray into his chosen field. One had, therefore, expected his Elizabeth to be a compendium of knowledge with withering foot-notes more lengthy than the text, a store-room from which the historical populariser might confidently draw his material. Instead of that, Professor Neale has stepped outside this charmed circle of erudition and, subordinating his learning to a single theme, written a historical biography which will immediately take its place in the great tradition of English narrative history.

The idea was entirely commendable. Historians who wish to know why he holds the opinions he expresses about controversial questions, may turn to his articles in the learned journals, and the public which is, perhaps, tired of patronising the nineteenth century and smiling at life with the eighteenth may become excited under Professor's Neale's guidance with the epic of the great Elizabethans. The sixteenth century, indeed, may well fit our present

"NEW STATESMAN" READERS AND THE "L.S.J."

IN our announcement in "THE NEW STATESMAN," dated January 13th, there was printed an article by Mr. Edward Anton entitled "Non-Professional Journalism."

The article referred to the increasing extent to which newspapers and journals are using articles and stories contributed by non-professional writers (*i.e.*, writers who are not wholly engaged in journalism), and to the opportunity thereby presented to those who are desirous of employing their pens, both as a spare time occupation and as a means of adding to regular income from other sources.

The article further dealt with the work of The London School of Journalism in this connection, and recommended that interested readers should inform themselves of the methods and successes of that institution.

Evidently Mr. Anton's article attracted much attention, as a large number of enquiries were received by the School and many readers have taken advantage of the opportunity to secure an opinion from Sir Max Pemberton (the Director of the School) upon their chances of success in free-lance journalism and story-writing.

For the benefit of those readers who may not have read the previous announcement, the management of The London School of Journalism have decided to repeat the announcement of free advice to those who are desirous of ascertaining whether they may engage in literary work with a reasonable prospect of success. (Particulars will be found in the adjoining column.)

It is to be remarked here that not only is the "L.S.J." under the personal direction of one of the most brilliant author-journalists of the day, but that every member of the instructional staff is a practical journalist of long and successful experience.

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mood of nationalism and, in selecting *Queen Elizabeth*, the Book Society prove to have shown not only good literary judgment, but also a nice appreciation of the trend of popular taste.

Professor Neale's narrative is straightforward and at times brilliant. He perfectly knows his limitations. He does not attempt any sustained analysis of the Queen's character but is content to make discerning asides on its complexities. He gives a convincing account of the political reasons against each of the marriage proposals with which she toyed, and does not attempt any answer to the baffling problems of her very odd psychological make-up. He sides with her against the advisers who press marriage on her, saying that the supreme need of the country "was not, as Cecil and others thought it was, a Royal child to settle the vexed and threatening question of the succession, but salvation from civil and religious war; and the pre-disposing conditions to this were faction among the nobility and diversity of faith among the people." Discussing her popularity, he makes the excellent remark that her "mind was ever fixed on popular favour, at first as an art of government, and later as a profound emotional satisfaction." He shows, too, how her success was constantly due to her parsimony—"it was in that financial sense of Elizabeth's, her resolute, irritating parsimony, that the secret of greatness lay." It was mainly for financial reasons that she encouraged privateering and discouraged war. And the conclusion forced upon one in Professor Neale's pages is that in the conditions of the sixteenth century an evasive, clever woman, willing to listen to advice and equally willing to disregard it, was a far safer guide than any group of councillors who would have taken charge under a less subtle monarch.

Professor Neale follows the great tradition of English narrative history in being quite unphilosophic. He answers the question "how" and neglects the question "why." We get passing glimpses of great social changes occurring in the background. A great deal of the sixteenth century comes to the surface in his admirable chapters on Mary, Queen of Scots, and on Essex. What we miss is any discussion of the importance of the influx of gold or of the enclosures or of the shifting of social classes which mark the change from mediaeval to modern history. He has an excellent passage about the Puritans, but he does not explain the roots from which Peter Wentworth and his kind sprang. We are left to follow up elsewhere the implications of the Puritan criticism of the Crown. We have to content ourselves with the summary remark that "in some respects this campaign is the most significant episode in the whole history of the reign, for these Puritan Ministers were teaching England the secret of effective Parliamentary action, by means of which power was ultimately to be wrested from the Monarchy." In brief, Professor Neale has written not a psychological study of Elizabeth, nor an interpretation of the sixteenth century, but a first-rate literary biography. His book will help to revivify interest in a great epoch: it is, perhaps, captious to complain that he does not also add to our understanding of the historical process.

BYRON

Byron. By PETER QUENNELL. *Great Lives. Duckworth.* 2*s.*

Some "great lives" will fit with comfort into a small space: not Byron's, and yet how could it have been passed over? For in a sense it is almost *the* great life: its literary interest is nothing to its legendary and intrinsic interest. No feebler poet (on the whole) ever made his way into the front rank; and Mr. Quennell does not attempt to rehabilitate that troupe of fierce and faithful pirates, once so popular, who throng romantic sea-shores and survey the ocean "with all the thirsting eye of Enterprise." Though he is so right, it is almost a pity, for they have a certain charm, and it is amusing to feel for the state of mind that took them seriously. Think of Anne Elliot, the mild, humorous, discriminating, pious Anne, joining in praises of the *Giaour* with Captain Benwick, while he, no doubt, fervently recited those lines about the monogamous habits of the solitary swan! It is all over, and the legend itself growing dim, so that Byron will depend more and more on his letters and biographers. Even the still-famous beauty now eludes us: the portraits record handsome features, but that face which was, in the flesh, "a thing to dream of" has quite lost its power—it does not produce anything remotely like the stunning effect, say, of Molière's, who was considered ugly. The biographer has everything to re-create.

And Mr. Quennell has not lost his opportunity. He turns lack of space positively to account, using it to bring out the tragic pattern which no other life, surely, ever had in such completeness. (Of course, Byron contrived that himself to some extent.) There is advantage in these swift transitions: the sordid, obscure childhood, the emergence, the brief triumph, the crisis—and then the pathos of the "superannuated man of pleasure," of the real exile (how unlike Childe Harold) grown fat and ridiculous, and so glad to see anyone from his own world that he shed tears at the parting which left him alone again. Mr. Quennell's emphasis on this running to seed gives extraordinary dignity to the last episode—it comes like a sudden clearing of the air, a serene afterglow, a "lightning before death" which no formal tragedy could improve on. We are not asked to find Byron sympathetic: the emotion is on quite another plane.

At the crisis one does feel a little cramped. No purely historical treatment could compress that with satisfaction; it would not puzzle the dramatist, but the biographer must say only what he knows, and therefore Byron himself is left, at this crucial moment, rather in the air. It is alternately difficult to believe that he was suffering, and that he was quite sane. If not mad, he had certainly worked himself up into a state almost as irresponsible—and yet at the same time the impression of posturing diabolism is so strong that Mr. Quennell feels it necessary to insist that he *was* agitated, and there is a strange difficulty in assenting with conviction. (This is no doubt the ultimate fate of all scene-makers.) It may be hopeless to decide how much was real: Byron himself could not have told, probably, and suspension of judgment in a long, documented work would be quite painless, but it is not the same thing here. The biographer, however, is as good as elsewhere, though the material resists. It is astonishing how well he has got Lady Byron and Augusta into a few pages—but, when poor "Goose" has of herself so much appeal, it would have been kind to make Annabella less chilling to the sympathy. Mr. Quennell, though not exactly harsh to her, is rather austere in his benevolence.

I cannot suppress two very trivial complaints. In the first place, was it quite generous, or even fair, to bring up that old gibe about Harold Skimpole? Poor Hunt, will he never live it down? And then—Mr. Quennell is warm in protest against the "indignities" lavished on Byron's dead body: but, after all, Byron was none the worse for them, while to us the findings of this indiscreet curiosity are so very interesting that Mr. Quennell himself has actually employed them for a last effect! Is there not something rather disingenuous here? It would have been a fine though unseen gesture to refrain from using them—but how very much better not to make it!

K. JOHN

DIAGNOSIS

Critique of Poetry. By MICHAEL ROBERTS. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Roberts is a younger critic who makes the ageing generation of literary folk feel insecure. He drives them to the mirror to search for signs of hardening sensibility and senile indifference. For he has all the gifts and most of the acquirements. He has imagination, patience, and respect. He has scholarship, intellectual vigour, and a mature prose style.

What is so disturbing is that with all his accomplishments, his enthusiasm and chief interest are restricted mostly to the poetry fashionable amongst his own generation; the poetry of T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, E. E. Cummings, W. H. Auden, Laura Riding, and others.

To a reader of poetry who cannot accept these writers; who considers their "difficulty" to be due principally to intellectual snobbery, and who finds their emotional attitudes quite frequently of the "shan't play" variety, Mr. Roberts is a problem.

It would be quite easy to ignore him if he were merely an irresponsible undergraduate noisily defending the members of his own set. But he is not that. His *Critique of Poetry* is astonishingly full of insight, sound judgment, and that inspiration which one recognises instinctively as being true and permanent. Again and again he says something which penetrates and haunts one's mind, giving it a new experience by which to grow. Almost as an aside he will offer such a paragraph as this: "Just as, in some primitive tribes, it is believed that if you know the name of a demon you can control him, so we believe (and, I think, rightly) that if we can give precise verbal form to our thoughts and feelings we can control them. For the relation which we establish between certain words and certain thoughts is reciprocal: if the impulse tends to evoke the word, the word also tends to evoke the impulse. The man who is articulate is no longer helpless, and poetry can

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help us to become articulate: *the poet makes it possible to think that which could only be felt before.*"

The passage which I have italised is a more reasonable, a more critical way of stating Shelley's oracular saying that "poets are the legislators of the universe." It will also serve as an example of Mr. Roberts's solid and unbiased interests. He is not afraid of being traditional: indeed, throughout his book he stresses the importance of tradition, and the value of continuity. "The man who has done most to discover among the rules of the past those which are most suited to his own needs," he says,

> is most likely to stumble on new rules; and the good critic, like the good poet, must be not only intelligent, sensitive and well acquainted with traditional rules, but also psychologically normal, so that though he may recognise good new poetry long before he can explain or justify his admiration, he is not likely to be misled by private, idiosyncratic work which happens to express something peculiar to himself and the poet—or perhaps not intended by the poet at all.

All his plans for development and explanation, in technique and in subject matter are based upon this sane exploiting of experience, the demand from the poet with a new voice that the music shall be traditional plus something more.

"The good poem is that which yet is seen, in retrospect, to be right."

And as for the reader's attitude toward this new and possibly bewildering element in the poem, Mr. Roberts reminds us that the vitality and continuance of our enjoyment of poetry is signalled more by our disappointments and losses than by our successful efforts to hug our delights. In his view, the attitude of Faust towards Helen, "stay, thou art fair," leads only to conservatism and academic snobbery, and cuts us off from new poetic experience and joy. "The dates of the births of our enthusiasms for tragic poems are less significant than the order of their death: the former depended largely on the accident of our first encounters with them (though sometimes years elapsed before we 'realised' a poem); the latter indicate the development of our own emotional sensibility, a widening of our experience. We remember the day when we ceased to find our passion for Swinburne satisfactory, and the day that Doune made our enthusiasm for Rupert Brooke look silly."

This conscientiousness, this humility, settle the direction and the method of Mr. Roberts's study. He begins by revising the critical terminology; he proceeds to examine the difference between sign and symbol; he then subdivides symbols into sensuous and symbolic images, and so strips himself for a just definition of the scope of poetry and criticism. To this end he suggests that "a training in mathematics or the classical languages" is valuable since it "enables the student to detach himself from the tyranny of his native language. He does not confuse nameability with objectivity."

It is, perhaps, an inevitable consequence of this method that Mr. Roberts should be led to concern himself—at least in this book—with modern poets whose meaning is obscure and whose technique is telescopic or kaleidoscopic. Naturally, the critic, having so faithfully built up such a fine critical machine (I cannot praise it too highly), looks for corkscrew bends and disgusting surfaces on which to try it out. Unfortunately, he is thus led to a certain virtuosity which is not interested in the poets who are trying to express their own relationship with the bewildering modern world by means of a minimum technique, striving toward a water-like clarity and simplicity.

It is a pity; because by this restriction of his practice Mr. Roberts is in danger of being claimed by those lily-minded and fatuous people, the highbrows and fashionables, as one of themselves. He is not that; he is a critic who commands serious attention. He has worked, and thought, and he has a lot to teach. I for one am grateful to him. I have learned, from his book, to renew my sensibility and disinterestedness towards poetry, and to throw off that dreadful unsuspected indifference which creeps over us as we pass from bright youthfulness into the fogs of middle-aged affairs and greedy fears.

RICHARD CHURCH

A GRINGO IN ECUADOR

Interlude in Ecuador. By JANET MACKAY. *Duckworth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The world seems to be full of lady luxury-travellers who write books. Lady This has passed through Abyssinia, the Duchess of That has spent a moment or two in Tristan da Cunha, a typist has cruised to Madeira—all must write their pretty tripping accounts, full of those little adventures and flirtations and gossipy anecdotes which are so amusing to the narrators, but generally so dull and wearisome to us. We never really travel with these writers: they may return in imagination to their adventures on the Nile or the Irawaddy, but somehow we are never with them. They may scale the Andes or Himalayas, but all the time we sit securely at home, both in reality and imagination, in unemotional and unadventurous armchairs. It needs a Hudson or a Darwin to take us out of ourselves, to make us feel and see the things that they have felt and seen, as Hudson makes us feel and see the blossoming peach-trees in *Far Away and Long Ago*. In a great travel-book we never think to ask ourselves "Is this piffle?" or "Is this true?" but in a little travel-book we are constantly telling ourselves "This is piffle," and not caring whether it is true or not.

Miss Mackay's book falls somewhere between these two classes. It is in fact a book of picturesque journalism. Miss Mackay, a barrister by profession, had from her sister in Ecuador a long-standing, do-drop-in-at-any-time sort of invitation to spend a holiday in Santa Elena. Abruptly, one day, she accepted it. Consulting the Ecuadorean Consul ("a Canadian, who had never seen Ecuador") she found that he thought her mad even to be thinking of visiting that country—a country "filthy and fever-ridden, devastated by malaria, small-pox, yellow fever and typhoid." But she persisted, took a course of elementary Spanish, was vaccinated on a discreet—afterwards not so discreet—part of her anatomy, packed her bag, and sailed for Guayaquil. Arriving, she was enchanted, and her book is mainly an account of her journeys from Guayaquil to her sister in Santa Elena and from Santa Elena to Quito and the mountains. She has a shrewd and witty eye for the essentials—the people, the customs and the landscape. Sometimes she can convey the feeling of all three in a single deft paragraph:

> There is no doubt that the Indians hate us all, not only *gringo* but Spanish Ecuadoreans as well. There is no slightest kinship between the gentle, tragic-voiced Indian or half-caste of the Coast and the sullen, silent fellow of the Andes, and his woman. In their street markets they sit silent beside piles of potatoes or corn or alfalfa. In their dark little shops, windowless and doorless, they squat beside pile upon pile of warm, hand-woven *ponchos*, or sit on the pavement with feet thrust before them, silent still. They neither

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make any effort to sell their goods nor talk among themselves. They just sit. And one can almost hear the warning rumblings of their thoughts like the rumblings in one of their volcanoes before the top blows off.

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Week-end Competitions

Number 204

Set by Gerald Bullett

If the Nazi persecution of the Jews and the de-judaizing of Jesus Christ had happened in the time of Dr. Johnson, Boswell would certainly have wheedled from his illustrious friend a pronouncement on the subject. For the best hypothetical passage from the *Life*, recording such a dialogue (among other things: i.e., in a plausible setting), we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea. No entry should exceed 300 words. Since we are playing with history, there is no reason why Lord Chesterfield and Voltaire should not be of the party; but any others present must be people whom Johnson is recorded to have met.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 16.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION 202

Report by Sir John Squire

The standard of the entry was not very high. Many competitors were defeated by the metre, and even wrote an inadequate number of lines in their verses, and far too many tried to be political. Not one produced what I had hoped for: namely, a rousing song, like the model, one that would take verse by verse all the Categories to which the Monster might belong. One contributor did approach what was needed with a Chorus which ran:

It's the Monster of Loch Ness, my boys,
Oh yes, my boys,
Loch Ness, my boys,
It's the Monster of Loch Ness, my boys,
See the *Times* and the *Mail* and the *Express*!
It may be like a conger, boys,
But it's longer boys,
And stronger boys,
So here's the end of my song—er boys,
About the Monster of Loch Ness.

The rest, alas, did not live up to this singable chorus.

Many indulged in dialect. William Bliss was the best of them, but too short. Guy Hadley and M. J. H. had amusing digs at the press, and L. V. Upward also deserves commendation. I was very much disappointed with the general scepticism about the Monster's existence.

The two best entries are by Arthur Oliver and Lt.-Col. H. P. Garwood. Neither approaches perfection, but Mr. Oliver's is more singable.

I

Travellers have often told a tale
Of strange unlikely looking creatures:
Most of them are rather like a whale
With one or more unusual features.
Now the very latest comes from Inverness;
The simple-minded natives swear
That a Leviathan
Ten yards higher than
Anything except, perhaps, a plesiosaurus
Lurks among the lochs and mountains there,
And you may hear them sing this chorus
With a kind of Scotch despair.

CHORUS:
It's the Monster of Loch Ness, my boys,
(Unless, my boys,
The press, my boys,
Have invented all the story, boys,
And the wish is father to the guess.)
For, though this creature rarely shows
Its curious nose
And has no toes,
We're quite enti'led to suppose
That there's a Monster in Loch Ness.

II

Ev'ry time the mighty Worm appears
A valiant army of reporters
Lines the shore with pencils at their ears
And photographs the seething waters.
If the unbeliever can't believe his eyes
His doubt shall be dissolved by this:
Last December a
Few remember a
Photograph appearing in the *Times* of something
Labelled as the Monster of Loch Ness.
Admittedly the things a rum thing
But rummer things are numberless.

CHORUS:
It's the Monster of Loch Ness, my boys, etc.

ARTHUR OLIVER

I

Scotland's beauties everybody knows
And finds them not quite what they were,
But to Scotland everybody goes
To beard the Monster in its lair.
All the world, excited,
Wonders at the tale
And tries to see what they can do—
They try to swallow it
And they follow it
To capture it and sell it to the Zoo. (*bis.*)
So when we sing of Scotland's Monster,
Remember what it's done for her—

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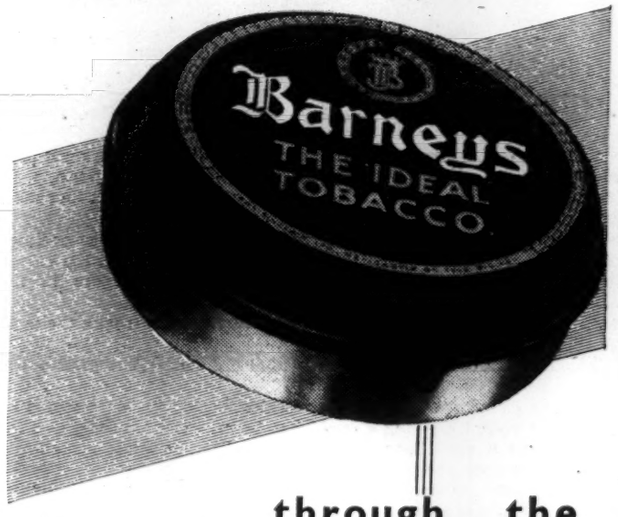

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CHORUS

It's the Monster of Loch Ness, my boys,
Oh yes, my boys! No less, my boys!
In the fight for England's tourists, boys,
It's a great attraction you'll allow,
And though you say it seems too thick
And wonder how they do the trick
Who'll be the first to heave a brick
At Scotland's Monster of Loch Ness!

II

Ramsay's trying very hard to find
A panacea for Britain's woes
That will occupy the public mind
And see that they don't come to blows.
So the mighty Monster's
Conjur'd from the deep
And off we start with line and reel.
And some declare it is,
Others swear it is
A cross between a walrus and an eel. (*bis.*)
But when we speak of Ramsay's Monster,
Remember why he's brought it forth—

CHORUS

Lt.-Col. H. P. GARWOOD

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 59.—JUST AN AVERAGE PROBLEM

(By J. E. CLULEY)

One season both the first two positions and the last two positions of the Hinterland Association Football League table had to be decided by goal-average. Ascot Villa were champions and Brightsmouth runners-up. Northcastle Rovers qualified for the wooden spoon, while Maddersborough just avoided that unenviable distinction.

Of these 4 teams, none scored more than 120 goals during the season, nor did any of them have more than 120 scored against them.

The goals against Ascot Villa and Brightsmouth respectively differed by only one, and both, of course, scored many more goals than were scored against them. Northcastle Rovers scored 2 fewer goals than Ascot Villa conceded, and their goal average was more "adverse" than Ascot Villa's was "favourable."

"Goal-average" is "goals for" divided by "goals against" and for the purpose of comparison, may be expressed in decimals.

Now, subject to the above conditions, the goal-averages of Ascot Villa and Brightsmouth were as near as they could possibly be without being identical, and those of Maddersborough and Northcastle Rovers were also as close as ever possible.

How many goals were scored for and against each of the 4 teams during the season?

PROBLEM 57.—THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Solution

1. Denote the teams by A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, K, L.

2. The distribution of the goals scored against the teams must have been (i) 9, 1; (ii) 8, 2; (iii) 7, 3; (iv) 6, 4; (v) 7, 2, 1; (vi) 6, 3, 1; (vii) 5, 4, 1; (viii) 5, 3, 2; (ix) 4, 3, 2, 1 and one of the first four must have been repeated for there were 26 scores recorded.

3. Two teams scored against A and the distribution was accordingly one of the first four and in this D took the higher and L the Lower figure. In every other case A scored the lowest figure in the distribution.

4. Consider the number of goals scored by the teams with the same goal average.

The number cannot have been 9 each for unless B scored 9 + 8 one of them must have scored 8 or 9. The other score made by that team must have been at least 2 (for all the single goals were scored by A and, possibly, L), giving a total of 10 or 11. If B scored 9 + 8 the score against A must have been 7 + 3. L's score would accordingly be 3, leaving only 17 for A, equal to that of B.

The number cannot have been 11 each, for the least possible score of A is 13, leaving only 10 for B and L together. Hence the number of goals scored by each of the seven teams C to K was 10.

5. It is now clear that none of C to K can have scored 9 goals against any one team.

Hence 9 goals were scored by B and this must have been in their match against C.

6. There must have been two 4's scored by teams other than A and these teams must therefore also have scored 6 goals each. Hence distribution (iv) is not repeated.

D "just lost" to B so that the score was 0—1, or 1—2, or 2—3, or 3—4. The first and second are clearly impossible as neither team could have scored a single goal. The last also is impossible.

Hence the score in the B-D match was 3—2, D scored 8 against A, L scored 2 against A who, with a lead of one, must have scored 3 in this match. It follows that C scored 7 against L.

Again, as the match D-A must have produced at least 9 goals, it is clear that C must have scored against B. They therefore scored 3 in this match to give a total of 10 goals in the series.

7. It now follows that A's score was 16, derived by taking the lowest score once from each distribution. Therefore, as the scores against A were 8 + 2, distribution (ii) was the one which was repeated.

8. It can now be successively deduced that the scores against D were 2, 3, 5 by A, B, E; those against F were 1, 5, 4 by A, E, G; those against E were 1, 6, 3 by A, G, K; that K scored 7 against G, and that H scored 2 against G. This gives the complete table of scores: it remains to arrange them in their appropriate series. The final table is:

Round					
1	A — D 2 — 8	B — G 0 — 0	C — H 0 — 0	E — F 5 — 0	K — L 0 — 0
2	A — B 1 — 0	C — K 0 — 0	D — H 0 — 0	E — G 0 — 6	F — L 0 — 0
3	A — C 1 — 0	B — L 0 — 0	D — K 0 — 0	E — H 0 — 0	F — G 0 — 4
4	A — L 3 — 2	B — C 9 — 3	D — G 0 — 0	E — K 0 — 3	F — H 6 — 0
5	A — E 1 — 0	B — D 3 — 2	C — L 7 — 0	F — K 0 — 0	G — H 0 — 2
6	A — F 1 — 0	B — E 0 — 0	C — D 0 — 0	G — K 0 — 7	H — L 0 — 0
7	A — G 1 — 0	B — F 0 — 4	C — E 0 — 0	D — L 0 — 0	H — K 8 — 0
8	A — H 4 — 0	B — K 0 — 0	C — F 0 — 0	D — E 0 — 5	G — L 0 — 0
9	A — K 2 — 0	B — H 0 — 0	C — G 0 — 0	D — F 0 — 0	E — L 0 — 0

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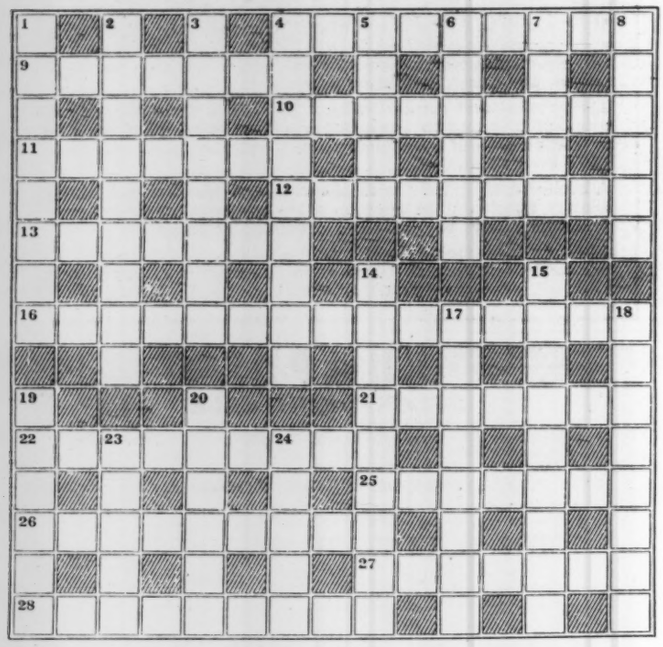

Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

Mrs. R. Graham, Journey's End, Little Aston, Nr. Sutton Coldfield, Worcs., is the winner of last week's crossword

ACROSS.

4. A heavenly bulls-eye (9).
9. "He is made one with Nature" (7).
10. They stand at the receipt of custom (9).
11. Entertaining negotiator (7).
12. Earthwork from D to Y (9).
13. Ruling men (7).
16. Dream time (15).
21. A tear to a blind buccaneer helps church expenses (7).
22. The peasant's weather glass (9).
25. The ole chap's frightfully cut up (7).
26. Yellow rattle on a fool's head (9).
27. Me in broken Latin (7).
28. Jack Cade would have made it a felony to drink it (9).

DOWN

1. A crab has tea with me with decomposing results (8).
2. Possibly a magic one 10 hope you will do (9).
3. Sports with father's copy of *The Times* (8).
4. Astral bodies give cause for it (9).
5. Lees (5).
6. Place of a hopeful spring (6).
7. Queer pack game (5).
8. Its edict did not affect its brandy (6).
14. London telephone exchange Hindu outcasts seek to remove (9).
15. Challenger in a dramatic duel (9).
17. Reformers try to make what America is (8).
18. Completeness applicable to black shadows in Heaven and black shirts on earth (8).
19. Part of the Queen of Sheba's luggage (6).
20. Quilp averred that he was as cunning as one (6).
23. Where the Hadji went (5).
24. A hanging device (5).

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

F	I	C	H	U	■	N	O	S	E	B	A	G	S	■
A	■	O	■	S	■	E	■	M	■	L	■	U	■	S
S	O	M	E	H	O	W	■	A	V	O	C	A	D	O
T	■	P	■	E	■	S	■	S	■	U	■	N	■	M
S	T	I	R	R	U	P	■	H	A	S	T	A	T	E
■	■	L	■	E	■	A	■	■	E	■	C	■	R	■
D	E	E	P	D	E	P	R	E	S	S	I	O	N	S
E	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	M	■	■	■	■	■	E
W	E	A	T	H	E	R	F	O	R	E	C	A	S	T
D	■	S	■	A	■	■	■	L	■	P	■	N	■	■
R	E	S	C	U	E	S	■	L	A	S	T	I	N	G
O	■	A	■	L	■	A	■	I	■	T	■	M	■	A
P	I	G	T	A	I	L	■	E	L	E	G	A	N	T
S	■	A	■	G	■	I	■	N	■	I	■	L	■	E
■	T	I	G	E	R	C	A	T	■	N	O	S	E	S

Broadly speaking, the prospects of Successful treatment of a patient in The Cancer Hospital (free) to-day are greater than ever before, especially when the disease is diagnosed in good time. Owing to the enormous advances made during the last few years in Radium and X-Ray Therapy, it is not too much to say there are now few cases of Cancer that cannot be relieved.

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COMEDY. **First Episode.** Thurs & Sat.

DUCHESS. **Laburnum Grove.** Th. & Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. **L'Oiseau Bleu.** W. & S.

GLOBE. **Marriage is no Joke.** Th. & Sat.

H'DROME. **Mr. Whittington.** Th. & Sat.

PALACE. **Gay Divorce.** Wed. & Sat.

PICCADILLY. **Sleeping Clergyman.** M.W.S.

ROYALTY. **Within the Gates.** Thur. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

S. MARTIN'S. **The Wind & the Rain.** M.Tu.F.

VAUDEVILLE. Wed. & Sat.
The Rose Without a Thorn.

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"MR. WHITTINGTON."
Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, Fred Emney, K. Gibson.

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FRED ASTAIRE in **GAY DIVORCE.**
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S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, February 11th, at 11 a.m. GERALD HEARD: Ethics and Guidance. 6.30, Concert, Chamber Music. Tuesday, February 13th, at 7 p.m. FITZWATER WRAY ("Kuklos"): The Devil: In Fact and Fancy. (Lantern Lecture.)
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE GOLD PUZZLE—HOW THE MARKET PRICE IS FIXED—
ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT SHARES—S.P.A.

PRESUMABLY America regarded it as an unfriendly act when we departed from the gold standard without giving notice. Presumably we regard it as an unfriendly act when America returns to the gold standard at a new parity without giving us notice. Now that honours, or dishonours, are easy, surely we can arrange a conference and try to agree upon a common currency policy. The devaluation of the dollar in terms of gold puts us in a very awkward situation. As the new gold parity between the dollar and the franc does not express an equality between the purchasing powers of the two currencies, it means that the pound, if it follows the franc, will be over-valued relatively to the dollar and, if it follows the dollar, under-valued relatively to the franc. And, apparently, it may be both at the same time. The following table gives the cross rates for the pound in terms of dollars and francs :

FIGURES OF "THE ECONOMIST."
Value of £

In Dollars.	In Francs.	In Dollars.	In Francs.
4.80	72.40	5.10	76.80
4.86	73.36	5.20	78.40
4.90	73.90	5.30	79.90
5.00	75.30	5.40	81.40

Two weeks ago we expressed the view that Great Britain had to choose between following the dollar, which meant driving the franc off gold, or following the franc, which meant driving the sterling area off sterling. Unfortunately the choice no longer lies with us, for we cannot run the risk of an exchange war with Mr. Morganthau, seeing that the American Exchange Equalisation Fund holds greater resources than our own. The present gold scramble is the greatest abuse of the gold standard that has ever been. However, President Roosevelt is apparently determined to have his inflation based upon gold and will not be satisfied until he has made the rest of the world conform to his ideas by writing up their stocks of gold. He will either win or drive every nation off the gold standard which is now on.

* * *

Now that gold has touched 140*s.* per oz.—which has been our idea of the ultimate world devaluation—speculative or investment attention has returned to the gold share market. Mr. L. L. B. Angas has emerged from hiding to advise investors who had sold gold shares on his advice to join with him in repentance. Mr. Angas writes : "In my pamphlet on the gold problem, I thought it unlikely that Roosevelt would free the American gold market before he had effected his reflation. My anticipations, however, have been falsified, and the sequences of possible events described in Chapters XIII and XXX of my pamphlet . . . are now in operation. This should cause a new boomlet in gold shares." Actually the market after an initial display of strength has been showing signs of nervousness partly because of the persistent weakness in the shares of Randfontein, partly because of the unexpectedly sharp fluctuations in the price of gold. Moreover, some confusion has been caused by the idea that the sterling price of gold has been based first upon the sterling-franc and then upon the sterling-dollar exchange rate. The explanation is that the exchange markets have not yet adjusted themselves to the new gold parity of the dollar and that the day-to-day price of gold in London is really determined by supply and demand. The supply comes from the mines, from hoards and from Central Banks still operating on the gold standard. The demand comes from America (the biggest factor of all), from hoarders and from arbitrageurs. The price which these buyers are willing to pay is based upon exchange rates and the costs of shipping gold. In the last few days this is how it has worked out :

	Actual Sterling-Dollar Rate.	Equivalent Sterling-Gold Price.	Actual Sterling-Franc Rate.	Equivalent Sterling-Gold Price.	Actual Sterling Price of Gold Fixed.
Feb. 1st ..	4.97½	140/8½	77 3/32	135/7	135/6
„ 2nd ..	4.96½	141/–	76 15/16	137/–	139/6
„ 3rd ..	4.90	142/10	77⅜	135/9	138/3
„ 5th ..	4.94⅞	141/5½	77 9/16	135/10	140/–
„ 6th ..	4.94	141/6	79½	132/9	139/3
„ 7th ..	4.99½	140/3	78 15/16	133/8	136/6

The above cross-rates of exchange do not express the "parity" cross-rates of exchange, which are illustrated in our first table, but political complications have been upsetting the franc. It will be apparent that the actual sterling price of gold has been moving towards its equivalent value in terms of dollars at the current dollar rate of exchange. On February 5th it was obviously a paying proposition, with gold at 140*s.*, to buy francs and draw gold from the Bank of France for shipment to London. Hence the gold fleet of aeroplanes which arrived in London on Tuesday from Paris. The City later became choked with van-loads of gold bars. This increase in the London supply of gold on Wednesday caused the fall in the market price from 139*s.* 3*d.* to 136*s.* 6*d.* The whole business is, of course, fantastic and silly. Even the old gold system did not make itself so ridiculous.

* * *

The "bulls" of electricity should consider whether they have found the best medium of participating in the future expansion of the industry by holding the ordinary shares of the British supply companies. Over the past five years holders of these shares have done very well, for the market prices have appreciated on the average by over 30 per cent. and the average yield returnable is now less than 3¾ per cent. It is suggested that, if the market is entitled to allow, in valuing these shares, for the future expansion of the electricity supply industry, a similar allowance should be made in the case of the electrical equipment companies. We are well aware of the argument that the equipment companies have received during the past five years huge orders for the construction of the grid and that since the grid is finished, a decline in the 1933 profits is inevitable. But the grid is not really finished. The construction of the subsidiary lines will call for as much cable as the completed main circuit. Of course, cutting down the number of generating stations to be operated in future will reduce the demand for electricity generators, so that the "heavy" group of equipment companies may be thrown more into the export market. The investor should, therefore, be advised to confine himself for the time being to the equipment companies whose business is more at home. The following table gives brief particulars of the ordinary shares of certain representative companies :

Company.	Present Price.	1932 Dividend.	Dividend Yield.	1932 Earnings.	Earnings Yield.
		%	%	%	%
General Electric..	44/3	8	£3/12/0	16.2	£7/ 3/0
British Insulated..	74/3	15	£4 /0/0	26.5	£6/16/0
Henleys	6 7/16	30	£4/12/0	31.7	£4/17/0
Enfield	96/3	25	£5/ 3/0	22.5	£4/12/0
Reyrolle	50/6	12½	£4/18/0	17.7	£6/18/0

General Electric has the largest and most diversified business, but the immediate return is low. British Insulated has a promising new subsidiary enterprise in British Copper Refiners formed to treat Roan Antelope "blister" copper. Henleys has a subsidiary interest in rubber tyres and golf balls from which no income was received in 1932-33. Of the smaller companies Enfield is expected to benefit from its large interest in Enfield Rolling Mills.

* * *

The Chairman of the Shareholders' Protection Association was able to report good work well and cheaply done at the first annual meeting of members which was held on January 25th. The investment trusts have their own "protection society" but they would do well to give support to this "watchdog" of the small investor for it is often useful to make a barking noise even if no fighting is contemplated. One matter to which the Chairman alluded concerns a wider public than the investing. In the case of the Compressed Paper Packing Company which made a public issue on July 5th last year, the Stock Exchange Committee refused permission to deal after the issue had been over-subscribed and the shares allotted. The Stock Exchange Committee is, in its limited field, a dictatorship and is not bound to explain its decisions or give any account of itself to the public. As the Chairman of the Shareholders' Protection Association said : "However salutary may be the intentions of the Stock Exchange Committee in the exercise of its power to refuse permission to deal, its value and protective power are materially lessened unless its decision is given and is known to the public at the time they are invited to subscribe for shares." If a National Investment Board were functioning, arbitrary action by the Stock Exchange Committee in the granting or refusing of permission to deal would not arise. Issues allowed by a National Investment Board would have to receive a quotation on the Stock Exchange, while the issues rejected by the N.I.B. would not be allowed to creep into the Stock Exchange lists by private "introductions."

COMPANY MEETING

LLOYDS BANK

QUIET BUT STEADY PROGRESS TOWARDS RECOVERY

The Seventy-sixth Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders was held on Friday, February 2nd, in London. Mr. J. Beaumont Pease (Chairman) presided. After referring to the deaths of Sir Seymour King and Mr. H. B. Sim, and commenting on various items in the balance-sheet, the Chairman said (in part):

Our net profit, "after charging Rebate and Income Tax, provision having been made for all bad and doubtful debts and for contingencies out of the profits of the year," is £1,438,822 4s. 5d. This is £111,000 less than it was last year, and thus on the face of it compares unfavourably with the majority of our competitors. We could, it is obvious, have shown an increase in our profits if we had so desired. It would have been perfectly legitimate to have charged some of our bad debts to our Contingency Reserve. If we had done so we would have had a larger balance than £100,000 to put back to Contingency Account, but we did not see that any good purpose would be served by taking sums out of this account merely to put them back again, and we preferred therefore to follow our more usual practice of debiting all our bad debts of the year to the Profit and Loss of the year. I want to make this point abundantly clear, as Shareholders who only look at the figure of our declared profits may be inclined to think our showing is not really as good as it is, and I have even heard it suggested that the reason why we did not debit our bad debts to Contingency Account might have been because it was too denuded to bear them. This, of course, is a travesty of reasoning. Our internal reserves are abundantly strong, but in these abnormal times we prefer to keep them so, and even to increase them, by following the conservative course of debiting everything we properly can to profits. You will agree with me, I feel sure, that the Balance Sheet shows that our Bank is in a thoroughly sound position and continues to prosper.

Trade Problems

I described last year as a year of preparation, and we are still in the preparatory stage. The problems which confronted us in 1932 are still largely unsolved. Our trade and the trade of the world is still at a comparatively low ebb, and the amount of unemployment is still lamentably large. International Conferences, which at this time last year we hoped might throw some light on the darkness of the world's confused position, and point some way of escape from the tangled mass of conflicting opinions and formidable obstacles with which we were surrounded, have come and gone and left us little the wiser. Economic theories are still being bandied from one expert to another, while struggling trade is still groping to find a practical way past the same old obstacles. On one side of the world old experiments are being tried out afresh as if they were new discoveries, with renewed hopes and on a vaster scale than ever before, while other Continents look on with sympathy, but unable yet to be convinced that the outcome will attain the measure of success hoped for, and with some bewilderment at the contradictory nature of the methods employed and with some anxiety as to the possible repercussion of these experiments on themselves.

I do not suppose you would wish me to try, even if I could, to weigh the merits or demerits of inflation or other monetary policies; to apportion the blame between over-production and under-consumption; to judge between the desirability of letting economic forces have free play, or alternatively of determining the exact bounds which should be imposed on artificial interference. It is not characteristic of this country to theorise overmuch, or to be attracted by startling experiments, and yet we have some facility, without these things, slowly, but in a practical way, to make progress.

Improved Position

We did nothing last year or in the recent years of crisis which could be called spectacular, but the improvement in our position compares favourably with that of any other nation. When our party system of government was bringing us to a state of insolvency, instead of a revolution taking place and a dictator being appointed, we constitutionally elected a National Government and balanced our Budget. When we were driven off the gold standard, in spite of our efforts to maintain it, we did not try to invent a new anchor to our currency but we took measures to prevent as far as possible fluctuations in the value of the pound sterling.

Our Free Trade system perforce gave place to a measure of Protection, but we realised the elementary fact that what was stopping the mutual flow of goods between nations was the growing spirit of nationalism, which by every kind of obstacle of tariffs, exchange restrictions and quotas, was blocking the stream, and we endeavoured to clear the channel by bilateral agreements with different countries and to remove as many of those obstacles as we could.

In social matters, too, by a gradual but vast redistribution of wealth by means of heavy taxation, and by great sacrifices on all sides, we have without the aid of any revolutionary means procured a higher standard of comfort, clothing, cleanliness and education than has ever before been enjoyed by the general mass of the people, while the hardships of unemployment, serious though this still is, have been mitigated to an extent unknown in other countries.

These changes have been brought about gradually without any spectacular measures, and sometimes almost without recognition, in accordance with the practical but slow evolution which characterises our people. From our misfortunes we have imbibed knowledge; "when passing through the vale of misery we have used it for a well."

State Interference in Industry

But there is one aspect of these changes which may concern us very closely as bankers, both directly and indirectly, and appears likely to be increasingly evident in industrial affairs. Whether we wholly approve of it or not; whether we are more aware of its advantages or of its dangers, it must attract the attention of all thoughtful men. Evidence of a deliberate planning in industrial and financial affairs, and of an arbitrary interference in these matters, accompanied by a large measure of restriction of individual liberty, has been a feature of recent years in many other countries besides our own. In the sphere of electricity, in traffic and transport matters, in broadcasting, in coal mining and agriculture, and in forestry operations, we have seen the formation of statutory boards, and witnessed attempts to regulate prices, to eliminate competition and redundant services, to control output and create monopolies, or compel amalgamations. Some steps in these directions were inevitable. In our present state of disequilibrium between production and consumption, and even more perhaps between one productive industry and another, it is necessary that some comprehensive policy and conscious planning should be adopted. Possibly also it is necessary that some motive force to start such operations should be supplied and directed by the Government in time like the present, when so much of our industrial machinery is out of gear, but I do not believe that any Government or any bureaucracy is capable of shouldering the heavy responsibility of saying how the industries of a nation should be run, or that those industries can be active and prosperous when confined in a strait-jacket designed not by those who have to wear it, but by theorists who think they have a genius for planning other people's clothes.

The tendency must be carefully watched and no doubt will be increasingly criticised. I see one commentator sarcastically remarks that the control of industry as advocated by some enthusiasts "would involve a bureaucracy so great that it might indeed go far in solving the problem of unemployment!" Doubtless the question will be solved on the lines of compromise, so beloved of Englishmen, and in accordance with the aspirations of the Minister of Transport that "the relationship we have to find lies somewhere between the complete non-interference of the last century and the complete interference of the Socialistic State." Notable examples of successful planning within the industry itself are to be found in the National Shipbuilders' Security, Ltd., formed by shipbuilders in 1930 to buy up and close down redundant shipyards, and in a similar scheme in the wool-combing industry, while attempts on similar lines are being made in iron and steel circles, as well as in the cotton industry. A form of assistance by the Government, to which no one can take exception, is the creation of the Research Board.

But after all, when we get down to fundamentals, what is it that we require? Trade consists of the exchange of goods within the country and throughout the world. Every man is a seller as well as a buyer, and his power to consume is provided by his power to produce. If he cannot sell, neither can he buy. Therefore, if we remove the obstacles which prevent his selling, he will be enabled once more to buy. I do not myself believe that the obstacles against his doing so are primarily of a monetary nature. They appear to be much more obvious, and are the direct growth from the increasing tendency to nationalism which has spread throughout all countries. It is against this tendency, in my opinion, that our energies ought to be chiefly directed if we wish to give trade a chance.

Nationalisation of the Banks

A passing reference is perhaps due to the suggestion lately brought into some prominence, that the State should take over the business of banking. If it were the wish of the people of this country that this change should be made, no doubt it would be carried out, but it is my belief that no suggestion could be much more unpopular. It is very generally recognised that the main functions of a banker are twofold—to be the guardian of the cash resources of the people, and the handmaid, not the dictator, of industry. There is no suggestion that we have failed in the first of these functions, and I certainly am of opinion that the people have no wish to see their savings taken out of our safe keeping and transferred to any Government, of whatever party, to be used for political aims, while, on the other hand, industry and the public generally not unnaturally fear that if the State attempts to usurp the secondary function, it will soon cease to be a helpful handmaid to industry and end by becoming its dictator, with unhappy results for all.

Signs of Improvement

In conclusion, perhaps I may state my general belief that in spite of many uncertainties, and although many perplexities still hamper our path, we have made distinct progress along the road to recovery. That this view is shared by the investing public is shown by the large increase in the quoted value of industrial securities which runs into hundreds of millions of pounds. All the accepted signs point in this direction. The expected surplus in our National Budget, the unemployment figures, the returns of railway traffics and bank clearings, if not remarkable in their size, are all indications that we are on the right road. The very fact even that they are not sensational in amount can be accepted as an encouraging feature. A too rapid recovery is frequently the result of purely artificial measures, which, though possibly stimulating at the time, are apt to fade away in their effects and leave the country in a worse state than it was before. If any are tempted to be disappointed with the extent of our progress, I would ask them to be encouraged by the belief, which I certainly hold, that we are on sound and progressive lines, and to remember the Christmas salutation of our Sovereign, that the foundations of national as of personal life are laid on qualities of unshakable sanity, invincible patience, and tireless goodwill.

The Report was received and unanimously adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK, LIMITED

MR. C. F. CAMPBELL'S ADDRESS

HOPEFUL OMENS.

The Annual General Meeting of the National Provincial Bank was held on Thursday, February 1st, 1934, in London. Mr. C. F. Campbell (the Chairman) presided. The Chairman referred to the recent illness and retirement from the chair of Sir Harry Goschen; to the appointment of Mr. Alexander Johnston as a deputy Chairman, and to the appointment of Sir Alfred Lewis as a deputy Chairman on his resignation as Chief General Manager of the Bank. After referring to the principal items in the accounts, the Chairman said (in part):—

Financial Outlook

I need not tell you that attempts to look into its future are much more difficult than usual to-day. When the Government of the richest nation in the world is making bold and astonishing experiments with its currency and has created a fund equal to about £400,000,000 sterling in order to carry them out, the future trend of financial conditions must necessarily be obscure.

As you know, our Government has created a fund similar in amount, but, while this was for the purpose of keeping the pound steady and was named the Exchange Equalisation Account, Mr. Roosevelt's fund is apparently to be used in order to depress the exchange value of the dollar, so adding to the uncertainties of the position, whereas our fund has stability for its purpose. On the results of the American experiment the future of the International Money Market will largely depend, and no one can say with any approach to certainty what these results will be.

The American Situation

As to the Economic Conference, for which so much careful preparation had been made by a committee of experts, hopes of any practical result from it had been almost destroyed before it opened by the action of America in abandoning the gold standard, in spite of her position as world creditor, her favourable trade balance, and her possession of an immense mass of gold.

Nevertheless, the mere meeting of this conference was a sign of the general wish for international co-operation in dealing with the world's business affairs, and I am sure you will agree with me in believing that there can be no genuine recovery in the trade and prosperity of this and other countries until co-operation between the nations has revived the flow of world trade and the exchange of goods across the frontiers, now reduced to less than half its former value. And before we criticise the action of America, we must remember how intense was the depression, all the more terrible for having followed an era of unprecedented activity, with which President Roosevelt had to deal. As to the experiments that he is making, in his efforts to depreciate the dollar and to reorganise the whole business system of a country in which Governmental regulation has hitherto been rejected as unworthy of its individualist spirit, again we have to remember that his country needed a powerful tonic; and the President seems to have decided to bring about a complete reversal of all the principles on which it had been working when disaster threatened it. It remains to be seen whether this policy will be justified by its ultimate results. Such a bold revolution is, naturally, regarded with some apprehension by those with long experience of financial affairs; and is in marked contrast with the policy of our Government, in balancing its Budget, keeping the pound as stable as possible, protecting the industries of the country from excessive dumping, and otherwise leaving the forces of recovery to do their own work. I acknowledge that in these days the intervention of Government under certain circumstances may be found necessary, but I have always held the view that the best hope for any trade or industry is to leave it free to work out its own salvation in all matters relating to internal administration.

Success of British Policy

This policy at home has been rewarded by gratifying success, the evidences of which you will have seen set forth fully in the annual reviews published by the papers—increased employment, recovery in railway traffics, expanded turnover of money, some improvement in foreign trade and a great improvement in the position of Government finance. On the revenue side, this improvement is a little fortuitous in so far as it was produced by an estate-duty windfall; but the increase in Customs receipts is a gratifying evidence of greater purchasing power in the hands of consumers. In the matter of expenditure, cheap money and the effects of the War Loan conversion have caused a great reduction in the cost of the National Debt, but the other expenses of Government are still at a high level and call for continued watchfulness on the part of the Treasury.

With these evidences of recovery behind us, how do we face the year that we have just begun? With confidence, certainly, but, I hope, also with a determination to regard the progress so far made as only a beginning, and to press on with every effort that we can make to something more like a return of general prosperity.

To get this result, no country can by itself do more than a little. The fashion so prevalent to-day by which the nations do their best to live as far as possible on their own production is a reaction to the practices of the Middle Ages, and we see its results in the miserable figures of international trade. But before international trade can be expected to recover anything like its old prosperity, it is essential that we should get back to something like the system under which rates of exchange were kept steady by an international monetary standard.

Thanks to the sound policy followed by those in charge of our finances and of our money, and thanks also to the support so loyally given to this policy by British taxpayers and British investors, the position of the pound sterling is to-day one of unique strength and prestige; and I am convinced that it will remain so, as long as we are not led away into commodity values, or silver values, or in fact any basis but that of gold.

Regarding home affairs, we see hopeful omens for progress, in so far as it can be secured by our own efforts. Though the income-tax collections in the last quarter of the financial year are always an uncertain item in Budget prospects almost up to the last moment, I think we may rely upon a considerable surplus when the final balance is struck. Now that business is improving and revenue is expanding, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will surely be justified in taking a hopeful view of next year's prospects; and any relief that he can give to taxation may be relied on to reward him by increasing that feeling of courage and confidence which is so important to enterprise.

All the chief British industries this new year have begun in a mood of confidence and hope, based on definite indications of improvement secured in 1933.

In conclusion, we may say that the second century of the Bank has opened under auspices that are obscured by difficulties abroad but brightened by greater confidence in our own country.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

An extraordinary general meeting was then held for the purpose of passing a special resolution altering the provisions of articles 52 and 90 of the articles of association of the Bank. The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Fascist revolt in Austria has succeeded, as it did in Germany, with the connivance of the reactionary Government in office. With France fully occupied and Pilsudski on good terms with Germany, foreign intervention was out of the question. The Heimwehr could safely rise with the assurance that Dr. Dollfuss would abet them in their plan of "cleaning up Austria." The cleansing process consisted in destroying the Social Democratic party, whose work in Vienna has been the finest achievement in any country in post-war Europe. Since the Social Democrats had offered the Chancellor their full support if he would retain free institutions and defend Austrian independence, there is no excuse for his treachery. Faced with destruction in any case, the Austrian Socialists chose to die fighting. The alternative was to submit and be beaten up as their comrades were in Germany. With their heroic defeat liberty and democracy are dead—for the time being, at least—in Central Europe, and no one can foresee how soon the battle will be renewed. The slaughter in Vienna reveals even more clearly the nature of Fascism: it will not have been in vain if it steels the wills of those who mind about liberty in the countries in which it survives.

The Truce in France

M. Doumergue has formed his "Government of Truce and Reconciliation"—not without some difficulty. It is really a coalition of the Radicals and the Right, extending from the Neo-Socialist, M. Marquet (who is allowed by his party to enter the Cabinet "as a private person"), through M. Herriot and M. Tardieu to M. Marin. The Socialists and those still further to the Right than M. Marin hold aloof. The Government will almost certainly start with the support of a large majority in the Chamber. Its first duty must be to pass the Budget, and the one thing that Frenchmen seem determined in no circumstances to tolerate is a balanced budget. It must then clear up the Stavisky case, a difficult and dangerous operation, which is apparently to be handed over to a Parliamentary Commission. Meanwhile, it must face the—for it—eternal problem of combining in the same Cabinet M. Herriot and M. Tardieu; M. Doumergue's solution for the moment is to balance them against each other "without portfolio."

* * *

There remains the real task of "truce and reconciliation." The truce has for the moment precariously been established. The fighting and the rioting have died down. The *camelots du roi* and the Communists have retired to their several camps; the shop windows are being mended. The general strike on Monday took